XEROX

Xerox University Microfilms

Ann Arbor, Michigan 48106

# WESTERN AMERICANA

Reproduced from the original in the collection of

# ARMY
# SACRIFICES;

OR,

## Briefs from Official Pigeon-Holes.

---

### SKETCHES

BASED ON OFFICIAL REPORTS—GROUPED TOGETHER FOR THE PURPOSE OF ILLUSTRATING THE SERVICES AND EXPERIENCES OF THE REGULAR ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES ON THE INDIAN FRONTIER.

BY

JAMES B. FRY,

*Colonel, Adjutant-General's Department, and Brevet Major-General United States Army.*

NEW YORK:
D. VAN NOSTRAND, PUBLISHER,
23 MURRAY STREET AND 27 WARREN STREET.
1879

Copyright, 1879,

BY

D. VAN NOSTRAND.

"In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle,
Be a hero in the strife."

# PREFACE.

OUR regular wars, campaigns, and battles have secured their places in history, and fame has been distributed, and in some cases redistributed, among the actors in these great events. It may be said, without any spirit of criticism, that the people, thankful for the manifest and immediate advantages which they receive through great victories, are generous in bestowing honors for them. Rewards for these services are graded more by the magnitude of the general results than by the individual heroism displayed. Furthermore, the field for personal prowess in grand operations, where the results are obtained through the aggregated efforts of large numbers, is small compared with that afforded by encounters which put the courage, skill, and endurance of a trusty few to the

severest test. The so-called peace life of our army officers is made up largely of adventures of the latter kind. For these services the regular army of the United States has no historian. The record of its deeds of heroism and self-denial, of its labors and sacrifices in the cause of civilization and of progress, lies buried in the dusty pigeon-holes of the Government. Occasionally a book appears giving the history of a regiment or the biographical sketch of some eminent commander, but of the real services and trials of the army at large but little is known to the public. Now and then some deed of more than ordinary heroism or some Indian massacre of unusual atrocity is chronicled in the daily press, and read as news, but is allowed to pass without appreciation or reward. This is the inexorable decree of fate. Time and discrimination are indispensable to the proper classification of public services, and the regular army must patiently and confidently await the verdict, which cannot be much hastened.

The following brief sketches of actual occurrences, scattered over a period of nearly thirty years, are presented as examples of the

dangers and privations to which our soldiers in active service in the Indian country are continually exposed, and the gallantry and fortitude they display. The recitals are mainly recasts of official reports, in some instances without a change even in the terms. They have been elaborated, however, by confirmatory information of a reliable character. The archives of the Government abound in reports of encounters and sufferings of which those presented in this little volume are merely illustrative cases selected from memory. A thorough examination would disclose, in brief and unpretending papers, proofs of gallantry and devotion to duty, by officers and enlisted men now unknown to fame, which, if set forth in a true light by able pens, would arouse the admiration and gratitude of the nation.

It is thought some of the incidents related in the following pages will be admitted as evidence of nobler and stronger traits of character than great battles and grand operations usually produce. Two or three of the sketches, though not exactly in keeping with the others, are nevertheless true stories, and are inserted to break the sad monotony of so many accounts of suffer-

ing and death. That the recitals in these pages exhibit the worst features of the Indian character is unavoidable, though such is not the purpose of the work. Driven continually behind our rapidly advancing frontier, plundered and abused by the more powerful and aggressive race, without one particle of redress for any wrong done him by the white man, and knowing no law but that of retaliation and vengeance, it is not strange that the barbarian should indulge in bloody deeds. Nor is he afforded an opportunity to show the provocation for his wrong-doing. Nearly forty years ago Stone, in his "Life of Brant"—Thayendanegea—said: "The Indians are no sculptors. No monuments of their own art commend to future ages the events of the past. No Indian pen traces the history of their tribes and nations, or records the deeds of their warriors and chiefs—their prowess and their wrongs. Their spoilers have been their historians; and, although a reluctant assent has been awarded to some of the nobler traits of their nature, yet, without yielding a due allowance for the peculiarities of their situation, the Indian character has been presented with singular uniformity as being cold, cruel, mo-

rose, and revengeful, unrelieved by any of those daring traits and characteristics, those lights and shadows, which are admitted in respect to other people no less wild and uncivilized than they.

"Without pausing to reflect that, even when most cruel, they have been practising the trade of war—always dreadful—as much in conformity to their own usages and laws as have their more civilized antagonists, the white historian has drawn them with the characteristics of demons. Forgetting that the second of the Hebrew monarchs did not scruple to saw his prisoners with saws, and harrow them with harrows of iron; forgetful, likewise, of the scenes at Smithfield under the direction of our own British ancestors, the historians of the poor untutored Indians, almost with one accord, have denounced them as monsters, *sui generis*, of unparalleled and unapproachable barbarity; as though the summary tomahawk were worse than the iron tortures of the harrow, and the torch of the Mohawk hotter than the faggots of Queen Mary.

"Nor does it seem to have occurred to the 'pale-faced' writers that the identical cruelties,

the records and descriptions of which enter so largely into the composition of the earlier volumes of American history, were *not* barbarities in the estimation of those who practised them. The scalp-lock was an emblem of chivalry. Every warrior in shaving his head for battle was careful to leave the lock of defiance on his crown, as for the bravado, 'Take it if you can.' The stake and the torture were identified with their rude notions of the power of endurance. They were inflicted upon captives of their own race as well as upon the whites; and with their own braves these trials were courted, to enable the sufferer to exhibit the courage and fortitude with which they could be borne—the proud scorn with which all the pain that a foe might inflict could be endured.

"The annals of man probably do not attest a more kindly reception of intruding foreigners than was given to the Pilgrims landing at Plymouth by the faithful Massasoit and the tribes under his jurisdiction. Nor did the forest kings take up arms until they but too clearly saw that either their visitors or themselves must be driven from the soil which was their own, the fee of which was derived from the Great Spirit. And

the nation is yet to be discovered that will not fight for their homes, the graves of their fathers, and their family altars. Cruel they were in the prosecution of their contests, but it would require the aggregate of a large number of predatory incursions and isolated burnings to balance the awful scene of conflagration and blood which at once extinguished the power of Sassacus and the brave and indomitable Narragansetts over whom he reigned. No! until it is forgotten that by some Christians in infant Massachusetts it was held to be right to kill Indians as the agents and familiars of Azazel; until the early records of even tolerant Connecticut, which disclose the fact that the Indians were seized by the Puritans, transported to the British West Indies, and sold as slaves, are lost; until the Amazon and La Plata shall have washed away the bloody history of the Spanish-American conquest; and until the fact that Cortez stretched the unhappy Guatemozin naked upon a bed of burning coals is proved to be a fiction, let not the American Indian be pronounced the most cruel of men."

This is a powerful plea for the savage, too strong, perhaps, in some particulars. It must

be admitted, however, that many of his vices have been learned from us, and the bad faith and injustice shown in our dealings with the race have driven it in self-defence to like practices. But too much is claimed by the friends of the Indians in behalf of their original or inherent rights.

The acknowledgment that wild tribes are independent sovereignties under the law of nature or of nations has been the principal source of evil both to the savage and the nation in dealing with the Indian question. They have no form of government, no conception of justice, no knowledge of any law except that of retaliation, and no organization except a rude one for war. Yet we have treated these wild subjects, living within the limits of our domain, constituting part of our population, as independent sovereigns, with nominal governments of their own, and have made and formally ratified treaties with them. The main effect of these treaties has been to confirm and foster the evil which we should no longer tolerate. Of course these treaties have been, and always will be, broken. It is impossible for either of the contracting parties to enforce observance of them. What

chief can keep his followers on a reservation, and what administration can keep white men off it? And why keep them off?

If the savages are to be civilized by the whites, the more intimate the contact the better for that purpose. When it is contended that in the interest of Indian improvement *bad* whites should be kept away from his reservation by force, how is it to be decided which whites will be bad as civilizers? The treaties, based upon prevailing notions, are not only fragile, but their violation, which is inevitable, is almost certain to produce immediate war. Should we not, then, forestall these causes of bloodshed? The important step in settling the question is to bring the Indian at once under *some* form of government prescribed by the United States, which is now held responsible for his behavior, and in which government he shall be protected and his individual responsibility shall be enforced. To let him live on under the law of retaliation until a few powerless agents and volunteer philanthropists can Christianize him is to make his case a very protracted, if not a hopeless, one. He should be prepared in the most effectual and expeditious way for

absorption by civilized communities. To this end, instead of driving the savages continually beyond the frontier and trying to isolate and herd them together in large bodies, they should, as far as practicable, be localized in small numbers near the settlements, and enabled and required to hold fast where located while the frontier passes beyond them.

But the question remains, *how* shall they be governed now? Some of them have adopted a few of the ways of civilization, and, from necessity, have substituted for their own our methods of gaining a livelihood, but they are not civilized. With nearly if not all of them a vast improvement must be made by a rigid, personal accountability, in all the elements of which their society is composed, before they will be fit to take a part even in self-government. The wild Indian must be taught to restrain his propensities so far at least as to conform to some of our plain and fixed rules of action. Coercion and not moral suasion is necessary as the immediate agency in reaching this end. Rigidity and impartiality in the enforcement of a few rules, even though they appear harsh, will do more for the wild Indian's present improve-

ment than a higher and more elaborate code only feebly executed;* the important consideration being to establish habits of obedience to regulations based on the rule of individual rights. Administration of the first principles of justice among the Indians in their dealings with each other, as well as with white men, is a duty we owe to ourselves as well as to them.

To enforce the necessary rules and restraints requires the constant presence and frequent and systematic use of force. But the civil authority is as inapplicable and insufficient for the control of wild Indian tribes as it is for the suppression of disorderly whites when banded together in insurrection and rebellion. The civil code could not, without dangerous innovations and precedents, be altered so as to apply to this special class, even were the civil power strong enough to enforce it. Military force, and military or *martial* law, are probably the only means adequate to meet the requirements, until the condition of this *unconstructed* people will justify the substitution of the civil for the military administration of their affairs.

*In this connection see that excellent work "The Indian Question," by Lieut.-Colonel R. S. Otis, U. S. Army.

The conclusions, then, are:

*First.* Localize the Indians, subdividing tribes into bands, so as to have not more than ten or twelve hundred together, and secure the title of land to them in common by a deed of trust. Let it be good agricultural land—about one hundred and sixty acres to each man—near the settlements, and as far as possible from the opportunity or temptation to hunt. Use all the force necessary to establish the Indians on the locations selected, and to keep them there. Enlist and otherwise employ as many Indians as practicable in the military service.

*Second.* Place the locations, excepting, of course, all of those where civil law is now in operation or can soon be effectually enforced, under martial law, with such special regulations as Congress may prescribe. Administer this law upon white men and Indians alike, within the prescribed reservation, substituting criminal and civil for martial law as rapidly as circumstances in each case will justify.

*Third.* Permit, subject to the foregoing restrictions, all proper intercourse, especially intermarriage, between the whites and Indians. White men who select Indian wives

may be useful instruments in the effort to teach the Indians our customs and mode of life. The locations being kept as near as possible to the limits of civilization, the process of absorption, aided by surroundings, will be the more rapid; the aim being to teach obedience to the elementary principles of our moral and legal code, rather than to enforce our religion or civilization upon a race which after years of trial has given no positive assurance of ever fully receiving them.

# TABLE OF CONTENTS.


| | PAGE |
|---|---|
| THE ISLAND OF DEATH (Forsyth's fight), | 17 |
| GUNNISON'S MASSACRE, | 40 |
| WRITTEN IN BLOOD (Hartsuff's fight), | 52 |
| SOLDIERS AFLOAT (A voyage to Oregon in 1848), | 70 |
| THE PENITENTES, | 96 |
| THE FATAL VALLEY (The Fetterman Massacre), | 107 |
| FORTY DEGREES BELOW ZERO (Henry's march), | 118 |
| BISON, | 127 |
| OUTNUMBERED BUT NOT OUTDONE (Powell's fight), | 135 |
| BILL AND DAN, | 154 |
| HE CURSES THE APACHE (Pfeiffer's fight), | 162 |
| A MAN-TRAP (The Grattan Massacre), | 170 |
| A DARING PLUNGE (Mellen's ride), | 179 |
| MODOC TREACHERY (The Canby Massacre), | 185 |

# SACRIFICES;

OR,

## BRIEFS FROM OFFICIAL PIGEON-HOLES.

---

## "The Island of Death."

THE pressure on the Government during the War of the Rebellion deprived the Indian frontier of military protection which it much needed and had previously received. The Indians, fully recognizing the advantages which our internal struggle gave them, became aggressive, exacting, and insulting. They depredated on the settlers, stopped and robbed the overland stages, seized stock, took possession of station-houses, and,

when hungry passengers were seated at their meals, turned them out and consumed themselves all of the scanty supply of provisions, and sometimes added murder to their other offences. Seeing the weakness of our military posts, they insulted and taunted their garrisons, and occasionally robbed them also. But, notwithstanding this condition of things on the frontier, the importance of connecting the Atlantic and Pacific by rail, enhanced by the Rebellion, was not lost sight of. Encouraged by the inflation of the currency and its free circulation, and backed by the spirit of enterprise and daring which the war brought into the highest activity, the Union and Kansas Pacific Railroads were pushed out into the Indian hunting-grounds. This was a serious matter for the savages. Major-General Hancock says, in an official report made in 1867: "The extension of our great lines of travel across the plains is driving away the buffalo, and thus interfering with the hunting-grounds of the Indians, and with their

only means of support. The Government makes no sufficient arrangements to subsist them where the game has disappeared, and they are obliged to roam over the country after the buffalo to support themselves."

With the game driven from his hunting-grounds by the opening and constant use of our lines of travel, forbidden by us to roam at large in pursuit of it, required to live upon certain reservations of land, with no other means of subsistence than those afforded by the Government, and those wholly insufficient, and with strong convictions as to his rights and his ability to defend them, the Indian was not likely to be quiet.

In the winter of 1866 the situation was alarming to the settlers, and was rendered more critical by the divided responsibility of the Indian Bureau and the War Department. Military commanders were only able by the most judicious management to secure from the Indians partial observance of the flimsy treaties in force. Satanta,

a Kiowa chief, told Major Douglas, commanding Fort Dodge, that the Sioux were coming down to make a coalition against us in the spring, and that they intended to make war. The Cheyennes, who fiercely opposed the construction of the railways, sought a council with General Palmer, commanding at Fort Ellsworth, Kansas, where the railroad now crosses the Smoky Hill River. Preparations were at once made for the reception of these barbaric lords, with their wild retainers. Two hospital tents were pitched, one for the council and the other to serve as quarters for the guests. A couple of fat steers were slaughtered, and coffee, sugar, and bread in profusion were provided; for these dusky diplomats never talk on an empty stomach if they can avoid it. They arrived at the appointed time—"Roman Nose," a great war-leader; "Black Kettle," principal chief, and "Big Head," a noted young brave—accompanied by their favorite wives and a few young bucks. When the envoys had rested a day, and

gorged themselves with fresh beef, the officers of the garrison, in full dress, assembled with the chiefs at the council-chamber. After the customary handshaking the whites arranged themselves across one end of the tent, facing the reds, who completed the rectangle. For some minutes there was a quiet but diligent puffing at a single stone pipe, or calumet, which was passed around from mouth to mouth, with a covert wipe of the stem from each pale-face as it came to his turn. The General welcomed the Indians in a few well-chosen words, and asked the object of their visit. Black Kettle, a fine-looking man of middle age and heavy features and frame, arose. He possessed great influence with his tribe, and by his wise counsel had more than once averted war. His dress was simple, with the exception of a massive necklace of crescent-shaped silver plates, from the front of which depended a heavy silver medal bearing the profile in relief of Washington. It had been presented long ago by the President of the United

States to one of Black Kettle's * ancestors, and was worn with evident pride. This chief spoke at length and to the point. It was the old story of honest, oppressed Indians and treacherous, tyrannical white men. Much truth was told with native eloquence, and the Great Father was asked to stop the building of the iron road, which would soon drive away the buffalo and leave his children without food. After the hearty grunt of approval by his followers had subsided, Roman Nose moved in a solemn and majestic manner to the centre of the chamber. He was one of the finest specimens of the untamed savage. It would be difficult to exaggerate in describing his superb physique. A veritable man of war, the shock of battle and scenes of carnage and cruelty were as the breath of his nostrils; about thirty years of age, standing six feet three inches high, he towered giant-like above his companions.

* Black Kettle had narrowly escaped with his life at the Chevington massacre in 1864, and was killed in the attack by Custer on his village on the Washita, November, 1868.

A grand head with strongly-marked features, lighted by a pair of fierce black eyes; a large mouth with thin lips, through which gleamed rows of strong white teeth; a Roman nose with dilated nostrils like those of a thoroughbred horse, first attracted attention, while a broad chest, with symmetrical limbs on which the muscles under the bronze of his skin stood out like twisted wire, were some of the points of this splendid animal. Clad in buckskin leggings and moccasins elaborately embroidered with beads and feathers, with a single eagle feather in his scalp-lock, and with that rarest of robes, a *white* buffalo, beautifully tanned and soft as cashmere, thrown over his naked shoulders, he stood forth, the war chief of the Cheyennes. As he warmed with his topic his great chest heaved and fire flashed from his eyes. His speech was brief, as became a soldier, and to the same effect as Black Kettle's. Unlike the latter, however, he said that never before had he taken the hand of the white man in friend-

ship, but that he could be a strong friend as well as a bitter foe, and it was for the white chief and the Great Father to decide which part he should play in future. As the sequel will show, this was probably the last as well as the first time he and the whites joined hands in friendship. General Palmer assured the speakers that their words should be faithfully reported at Washington, but made them no promises. The delegation left the garrison loaded with presents, Roman Nose receiving, among other things, a crimson sash, which he frequently wore in the bloody battles that followed hard upon the heels of the council.

Our war in the interior had now ended, and our troops were quite ready to turn their attention to the frontier. Accordingly, Major-General Hancock moved out in March, 1867, with a force consisting of some fifteen hundred men, composed of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, with instructions from General Sherman not to hold the Indians to account for some murders

which had been the subject of complaint, but "to make among the Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Kiowas, Apaches, and Comanches a display of force; to notify them that if they wished for war they could have it; and to explain to them fully that hereafter they must keep off the routes of travel — railroads and other roads; that all depredations and molestation of travellers must cease forthwith, and that all threatening of our military posts by them, verbally or by message, or otherwise, must cease at once, or war would ensue." The Indians were neither prepared nor disposed to accept this challenge as suddenly and formally as it was offered. They evidently construed the movement as meaning immediate or prospective war; and, to gain time, they used diplomacy with skill worthy of a Beaconsfield or a Schouvaloff. Councils and talks without number and without much sincerity or significance were held.

The state of affairs in the spring of 1867 is shown by General Hancock's official

report of May 14, in which he says: "It is my present intention to maintain active operations during the summer, and as late into the winter as practicable (unless peace be made meanwhile), against all Sioux and Cheyennes (save friendly bands of the former) who may be found between the Arkansas and the Platte."

The instances of fortitude and bravery which occurred during the bloody struggle which now set in are almost "as numerous as grains of sand on the yellow shore." One engagement furnished an exhibition of courage, skill, and endurance unsurpassed, perhaps unequalled, in any age or clime. General Hancock had been called to other duty, and General Sheridan had succeeded him, being accompanied by Brevet-Colonel George A. Forsyth, major Ninth United States Cavalry, as acting inspector-general. This officer, chafed by the restraint and inactivity of his staff position, begged of his chief a command in the field; but at that period, close on the heels of the great war and the army reduc-

tion which followed it, leaders were more abundant than followers, and all of the rank and file which could be brought into the field were under command of Sully, Custer, and other able and distinguished officers, and no opportunity for the assignment of Colonel Forsyth, according to his rank, presented itself. But as additional forces were much needed, he was told that, if quite willing to do so, he might raise and lead a force of fifty men, not to be enlisted but *hired* for the occasion at the rate of thirty-five dollars per month, each to bring his own horse and equipments, receiving forty-five cents per day for the use thereof, but to be supplied with arms, ammunition, and rations by the Government. The offer was promptly accepted and the men soon found in the immediate vicinity of Fort Hays. Several of them were ex-soldiers who, having served out their enlistments long before, had adopted the life of the frontiersman, thus making the best possible cross for the purpose in hand. The rest were the ordinary run of their

kind, with two exceptions, the first being that of an American far above the average stature, and who appeared pre-eminent in knowledge of the Indians, of the country, in daring—in short, in all the qualities which constitute leadership upon such occasions. In the confidence he inspired he was a second Roderick Dhu. The other seemed to be inferior, and in all respects unfit for the service: a Jew, small, with narrow shoulders, sunken chest, quiet manner, and piping voice, but little knowledge of firearms or horsemanship; he was, indeed, unpromising as a son of Mars, and, after forty-nine had been obtained, was accepted only in order that he might be counted on the rolls to make up fifty and enable the expedition to start. Lieutenant Frederick H. Beecher, Third United States Infantry, at his urgent solicitation, was assigned as second in command. He was one of the marvellous products of our civil war. Active, intelligent, and distinguished during that long contest, when he came out of it he had lost

the use of one leg, yet insisted upon serving on the active instead of the retired list. The embodiment of energy and bravery, rest and fear were words without meaning to him. A noted guide and good rifle-shot was *dubbed* acting lieutenant, and one of the men, being a doctor, acted as surgeon for the party.

Thus organized—each man, including officers, armed with a Spencer carbine and a revolver, and supplied with one hundred and twenty rounds of ammunition, part carried on four pack-mules, and seven days' rations (consisting principally of bread and salt) in each man's haversack—the command took the field. After scouting for some days a message was received at Fort Wallace from the Governor of Colorado, saying that the settlers between Bison Basin and Harbinger Lake were hard pressed by an overwhelming force of Indians, and begging that Colonel Forsyth would march promptly to their defence. No orders or formalities were waited for. The

command turned at once in the direction indicated. Other depredations by the same Indians were soon discovered, and their trail was struck and rapidly followed. It led to the headwaters of Beaver Creek and thence up the Arickaree fork of the Republican River. The repeated efforts of the Indians to mislead their pursuers by dispersing in various directions from time to time were unsuccessful, and on the 14th of September, 1867, the large, fresh trail of a reassembled force was struck and pursued hotly until the afternoon of the 16th. At that time, although not an Indian had been seen, the observant and experienced followers knew that a fight must inevitably take place next day. As the command had no provisions left except biscuit for one day, and no time to hunt for game, it was desirable to bring on and end the combat at the earliest possible moment. Instead, however, of marching as usual until night, the commander, finding a good grazing spot, resolved to go into camp about five o'clock

that afternoon, to give his animals rest and grass and get fully prepared for the events of the morrow. It was well he halted. The Indians had a cunning ambuscade laid for him near by, thinking he would march until dusk and fall into it just at the end of a hard day's journey. The bivouac was established on the bank of the Arickaree, in which stream there was but a few inches of running water. The surrounding country was an open but undulating plain, with hills and ridges a mile or two away, and a few scrubby wild-plum trees here and there in the low places. A sand island in the middle of the stream, directly behind the bivouac, was fringed with willows and bore a few stunted trees. The horses were carefully picketed, a guard posted, and the men lay down near their horses, with their arms in their hands. The commander was up before daylight and on the lookout while others yet slept. Peering steadfastly into the surrounding gloom, he saw, before there was hardly a tinge of light, the

stealthy movement of the approaching foe. He instantly called to his men to hold on to their horses and prepare for attack. The call was not a moment too soon. The Indians rushed in, shaking buffalo robes and blankets, yelling and whooping, for the purpose of stampeding and running off the animals. This was the first move in their plan of attack. It failed, and a few rounds drove them back. But as day dawned their overwhelming numbers and their preparations for a general advance became visible. Colonel Forsyth instantly decided to take position on the sand island behind him. It was oval in shape, some forty feet wide and two hundred feet long, and was separated from the mainland by a mere thread of water. The well-directed fire of three chosen marksmen posted in the grass on the bank kept the Indian skirmishers at bay while the movement of men and animals to the island was effected. The animals were tied securely to bushes, and the men were distributed in

a circle and ordered at once to lie down, and as soon as possible dig rifle-pits for themselves in the sand. The only intrenching tools were pocket-knives and hands; but the fire of the enemy hastened the work, and in a few minutes the only man in sight was the commander, who still walked erect from point to point, instructing and encouraging the men. He went under cover only when one of the men, having completed his own shelter, prepared a pit for his chief. An annoying but desultory fire was kept up by the Indians until about nine o'clock, when preparations for a grand assault became visible. Large numbers of dismounted warriors, armed with Spencer, Sharp, or Henry rifles (as all of the braves were), and many boys with bows and arrows, were seen crawling through the grass and getting their position in easy range of the island. Further away on the open plain the mounted storming party formed for the charge. The dismounted men opened a terrific fire upon the island and the boys

clouded the air with arrows. The plan of the foe was promptly and fully comprehended by Colonel Forsyth. Galling and destructive as the fire from the grass was, he would not permit his men to answer it, but held every gun in readiness to open, at the word, upon the charging party, which he knew would soon rush on to ride over and slaughter them. The fire slackened; women and children lining the hills, just out of range, began their unearthly yells and wild dances, and three hundred mounted warriors, painted and stripped, with the "dog-soldiers"—the desperadoes from various tribes—in front, all led by a grand chief whose waist was girdled by a crimson sash, charged at full speed, in solid column and with deafening war-whoops, upon the devoted and determined little band of heroes. Not a shot was fired by our men until the confident and exulting savages were within thirty yards of the rifle-pits. Then at the word of command the Island of Death opened, and before its unerring aim and rapid volleys the front of the as-

saulting column halted and fell as if it had pitched headlong against an impenetrable wall. The rear spread away to the right and left and sought safety in flight.

The savage was evidently dismayed and disheartened at his sudden and crushing repulse. The ground was strewed with dead and dying warriors. Several bodies were within a few yards of the breastworks. In advance of them all lay the superb but lifeless form of Roman Nose, the red tide from his hot veins saturating the crimson sash which encircled his naked body. During the siege the Indians resorted to daring by day and cunning by night to remove these bodies, but without success. The loss of the war-chief's life and body was a fatal blow. The firing almost ceased, and it was not until two o'clock in the afternoon that another assault was attempted. It was prepared, conducted, received, and repulsed quite like the first one. A third, similar in all respects, took place about four in the afternoon; but this effort was much fee-

bler than the one which preceded it, and the gallant little band felt that it must prepare for a siege, but need not fear another assault. A September rain began, and at last the long and bloody day drew to a close and night threw a thick, wet mantle over besiegers and besieged. Not until then did the latter find time to look calmly and deliberately upon the desperate situation. Every horse and mule was killed by the enemy's fire early in the action. As the last one went down an Indian called out in audible and unbroken English, "There goes the last d—d horse down." Lieutenant Beecher, shot through the side, had died in great agony before dark. Three men, including the doctor, lay dead in the trenches; two others were mortally, and seventeen more, among them Colonel Forsyth, severely, wounded. Before ten o'clock Forsyth had been shot in the right thigh, the bullet lodging near the skin on the inner side. A few hours afterwards a ball entered his left leg below the knee, completely shattering the bone, and

before night, as he was lifted up to look over the breastwork, a third bullet grazed the top of his head, making a painful scalp wound and chipping out a small piece of the skull.

The peril and location of the party were wholly unknown to their friends. Fort Wallace, the nearest point from which succor could be hoped for, was nearly a hundred miles away. Without provisions, and surrounded by more than nine hundred well-armed, well-mounted, fierce, and confident warriors, the situation was one to appall the stoutest heart. But these heroes were not daunted. The intrepid commander, forgetting his three painful wounds, from one of which he had himself cut out the ball, briefly summed up the case and gave his orders. "No shot," said he, "has been wasted; we have plenty of ammunition, abundance of horse and mule meat, and can get water by a little digging through the sand. We will yet win the fight or sell our lives dearly in the attempt. Let a well be sunk, connect the

rifle-pits by a continuous parapet, and strengthen the lines with saddles and, as far as possible, with the bodies of the dead horses. Bring in the saddle-blankets for the comfort of the wounded, and cut the horse and mule flesh into strips for food. Let two men, who are willing to risk their lives, take my rough map of the country and pocket-compass, and try to-night to steal through the enemy's line and make their way to Fort Wallace. When this is all done," he continued, "and the wounded are cared for in a secure place to be dug out for the purpose, you can rest in peace until morning, for these Indians never venture upon a night attack." The instructions were cheerfully and promptly carried out. The two scouts left the island about midnight. To escape pursuit in case they got out, they went in their stocking-feet, walking backwards, so that if the enemy discovered the tracks in the morning they might think they were made by Indians in moccasins going towards the island and not by white men leaving it. By dawn the

heroic garrison was ready for the day's business. The scouts had not been driven back, but there was a painful doubt as to whether they had passed the enemy's line or lost their lives in the attempt. All day a steady but not destructive fire was kept up by the Indians, and was answered whenever it could be done with effect. No disposition appeared to renew the desperate charges of the day before. The Indians, exasperated by the coolness and courage of the whites and the deliberate, galling fire which they kept up, sought fruitlessly, by flags of truce, pretended withdrawals, and other devices, to draw them from their intrenchments. Challenges and insults in the grossest language were offered, but nothing disturbed for a moment the caution, vigilance, and coolness of the garrison. So the day wore on, and when night came, with raw mule-meat alone for supper, the wounded and weary sank to rest. Before morning two more men started out to pass the lines and try to bring succor. They were, however, un-

able to get through and returned. The third day passed as the second, but the two men who started out on the third night did not return. The fourth day passed as the two preceding ones. No more scouts were sent out. The meat now began to get putrid, and it was sprinkled with gunpowder, in the hope that the saltpetre in the powder would aid in preserving the meat or make it a little less unpalatable. But before the day was over it could no longer be eaten, and the pangs of extreme hunger began. A wolf that ventured too near the lines at night was killed by a lucky shot, and served to appease for a short time the cravings of a few; but by the fifth day the suffering from hunger was intense. Then for the first time a small fire was made of such sticks as could be gathered together, and by charring the putrid meat they were able to use it a little while longer. On the fifth day the Indians began to disappear, and some of the men ventured out to gather some wild plums near by. The plums and a jar of

pickles, which was found on the first camp-ground, aided to sustain life. By the seventh day the Indians had entirely disappeared, but the beleaguered force were now too weak to move. With no word from their scouts, and starvation staring them in the face, there was, with one exception, no despondency or complaint. On the eighth day some of the men became delirious, and the wounded were in a dreadful condition. The shattered bone of Colonel Forsyth's leg stuck through the skin, and maggots had taken possession of the horrible sore. The eighth night wore away with troubled dreams of rich feasts and wild awakenings to actual famine. The time seemed near when neither feast nor famine could be helpful or hurtful. Pain had almost passed away when, on the morning of the ninth day, men came in sight. Succor had arrived at last; but the poor sufferers were too far gone to cheer, or even rejoice. Perhaps they felt instinctively that the road to relief was shorter and smoother by way of

death than by a return to life. The shrewd and plucky scouts who left on the first night reached Fort Wallace on the third day thereafter, and those who got out on the third night happened to fall in with a scouting party of troops. Relief, which came with all haste from both sources, reached the fatal island at the same hour. The stench from this contracted battle-field was so horrible that strong men could hardly endure it long enough to remove the living and bury the dead.

Let us not dwell upon the painful journey to the fort, the dangerous surgical operations, and the tedious recovery of the wounded. The remnants of the party which had left the post but a few days before, full in numbers and vigor, for the noble purpose of defending helpless women and children against the merciless savages, returned to it with thinned ranks and mutilated and fainting bodies, but their high purpose had been accomplished. Their victory was complete. They had triumphed over every weakness of body and

spirit, as well as over a most desperate foe. If there is a lesson in the memory of great deeds it should be found here. But, alas! the bright chapter which they added to their country's glory at such heavy cost has been passed over almost unnoted. The empty honor of a "brevet" is the only recognition Colonel Forsyth received for his heroic conduct in this affair. Can bravery, gallantry, and devotion to duty flourish under a military system in which such services are neither rewarded nor remembered?

It is due to truth and justice to state that in this remarkable party of fifty there were but forty-nine heroes. The large, knowing, and confident man on whom special reliance was placed in the beginning utterly failed in the hour of trial. Quickly making a rifle-pit for himself, no arguments, threats, or persuasion could induce him to rise from it or fire a shot while the enemy was in sight. He insisted that they always kept "a bead drawn" on him, and that the least exposure would be

certain death. But the loss of this man's services was fully made up by the bravery, skill, and untiring activity of the despised "little Jew." There was no sphere of gallantry or usefulness in which he was not conspicuous.

When the foe charged on the breastworks
With the madness of despair,
And the bravest souls were tested,
The little Jew was there.

When the weary dozed on duty,
Or the wounded needed care,
When another shot was called for,
The little Jew was there.

With the festering dead around them,
Shedding poison in the air,
When the crippled chieftain ordered,
The little Jew was there.

NOTE.—In his official report Colonel Forsyth says: "The Indians encountered in this fight were the northern Cheyennes, the Brulé and Ogalalla tribes of the Sioux nation, and a band of about one hundred and seventy 'dog-soldiers,' the banditti of the various Indian tribes on the plains. Of their numbers it is hard to form an estimate. My chief scout, Abner S. Grover, since killed, estimated the number of warriors engaged in the attack

at between eight and nine hundred. No one of the men engaged put them at less than seven hundred and fifty. Fearing, however, that I might exaggerate their numbers in my report to General Sheridan, I placed them at four hundred and fifty; but information since obtained leads to the belief that Grover's estimate was the correct one." It may be added that two or three years after this report was made Colonel Forsyth had a long and friendly talk with some of the Indians who were engaged, and was informed by them that they had over nine hundred warriors in the fight, and lost seventy-five killed and about two hundred wounded.

# "Grunison's Massacre."

"Ah! what an unkind hour was guilty of this lamentable chance."

IT is in response to the call of duty that our regular army pioneers and protects civilization, but yet the service has its pleasures and its fascinations. To the brave and adventurous spirit it affords a rich field for enterprise and deeds of heroism. The imagination is fired by pictures of the bivouac, the social concourse around the simple meal spread upon the grass, the blazing camp-fire, the merry jest, the thrilling stories of wild adventure, cut short, perhaps, by an actual alarm. But beyond all of the romance aroused by the bright side of the picture appears a stern, and often a sad, reality.

The lonely graves of our fallen soldiers, victims to ambush, treachery, and overwhelming numbers, are scattered, unlet-

tered and undecorated, over the Western mountains and plains. The empty saddle, the thinned ranks, or here and there a rude cross erected by the friendly hand of a comrade, tell to the brother-soldier tales of sacrifice and devotion to duty which the busy and distant world does not hear or soon forgets.

An instance of the sad fate of some of the bravest and best of our early pioneer soldiers is furnished by the official account of an exploring expedition which went into the heart of the Rocky Mountains some twenty-five years ago.

In the month of October, 1853, Captain J. W. Gunnison, of the United States Topographical Engineers, in charge of the Central Pacific Railroad Survey, being then in the vicinity of Salt Lake, Utah, received orders to proceed with a small party and a military escort to make a survey of Sevier Lake, at the head of the Sevier River, in the Rocky Mountains. But little was then known of that wild region. We were at so-called peace with

the Indian tribes and had assurances of their friendship. The party, consisting of Captain Gunnison; Mr. Kern, a topographer; Mr. Creutzfeldt, a botanist; Mr. Bellows, an employé; Mr. Potter, a Mormon guide, and an escort composed of a lance-corporal and six privates of Company "A," Mounted Rifles, started on the 20th of October in full anticipation of a pleasant and instructive trip. After encountering the friction and fatigue which usually attend a first day's march, they went into camp on the left of the Sevier Lake, amid some thick willows overhanging a bend of the Sevier River.

The animals were grazed and securely picketed, supper was prepared and despatched with a relish only known thoroughly to those camping in the mountains, and, with a sentinel on post, the weary party stretched themselves on the ground and slept through the night undisturbed. In the gray of the morning breakfast was spread upon the grass, and just when all were gathered around it a

terrific whoop was heard from their left, and a deadly shower of bullets and arrows came from the same direction. It was a surprise, and a complete one.

Before the smoke had cleared away a band of Pah Vaut Indians (Eutaws) rushed upon them with horrid yells, and murder gleaming in their eyes. But few of the ill-fated party succeeded in reaching their arms or their horses. Those who failed to mount fell easy victims to the savage foe.

Amongst them was Captain Gunnison. Those who managed to escape carried the sad tidings with all haste to the commander of the military force encamped near Fillmore, Utah Territory, many miles away. "To horse" was sounded, and all the available troops were hastened to the scene of disaster. On the road three fugitives were met, who confirmed the tidings, but were unable to state who had fallen. Ere nightfall they came across the stripped and bloody corpses of those who had been overtaken in their

flight and murdered by the foe. Before the fatal spot could be reached darkness closed in, and it was impossible in that wild and trackless region to proceed until dawn. The troops stood to horse all night, and at the first glimpse of day resumed the march; but when the spot was reached the enemy had disappeared, and all of the remainder of Gunnison's exploring party were found clasped in the chilly embrace of that sleep which knows no waking. The bodies of the captain and the botanist were horribly mutilated, and the wolves, as well as the savages, had mangled the remains. Captain Gunnison had fallen by fifteen arrow-wounds, and his left arm had been cut off at the elbow. Thus, in the prime of life and in time of peace, fell these noble soldiers and faithful public servants in the zealous and cheerful performance of an arduous and dangerous duty. Save by their sorrowing families, and a few frontiersmen who in their wanderings may cross the trails or streams which bear their names,

their deeds and deaths are almost forgotten. But in the memory of the army they still live. Deep down in its heart dwells a lasting remembrance of beloved comrades done to death by the treacherous foe.

# Written in Blood.

THERE are men who seem born for adventure, whose every-day lives bristle with startling incidents, and who from time to time are the subjects of "disastrous chances, moving accidents, and hair-breadth 'scapes," such as those in the career of the dusky Moor of Venice, the story of which captivated the fair Desdemona.

In the army these victims of chance soon become well known as such. From the certainty with which they get wounded in battle the soldiers speak of them as "the men who try to stop all of the bullets that come along," the phrase not being intended to indicate their bravery so much as their luck. If some more dangerous and difficult enterprise than usual is to be executed, these are the ones who are cer-

tain to be picked out to lead or accompany it. If a forlorn hope is to be led, who so fit as he whose whole life has been one of danger and adventure? And yet this luck generally goes hand-in-hand with the best qualities of the soldier. The quick eye, the trained ear, the rapid thought and movement, the ready presence of mind which never fails—these are some of the advantages which the man of adventure nearly always exhibits. Such men have often seemed to baffle even death itself.

Major-General George L. Hartsuff, United States army (retired), was a remarkable example of this class. "Brought to the very verge of death five times in the direct and immediate consequence of the performance of military duty; with many scars, and with two bullets in his body received in battle; without ever having been in arrest or subjected to a reprimand; with a reputation, in short, free from spot or blemish," this gallant soldier died in New York City, May 16, 1874, from the combined powers of disease and wounds received in

his country's service. His distinguished career as a commander during our great Rebellion, and his strength and fortitude in resisting pain and prostration so long as the nation was in danger, form an interesting part of the history of the mighty struggle. But to illustrate the life of United States army officers in time of *peace*, not war, is the purpose of our story. All that Hartsuff did and all that he endured in the later and more important and conspicuous part of his career was in keeping with qualities he exhibited in early life upon more contracted fields.

One of the first of them was in Florida, that "land of sun and flowers" which actual service and song and story for so many years kept fresh in the minds and memories of army men. Lieutenant Hartsuff joined his company on the Caloosahatchie in 1851. The orange-groves, pine-barrens, palmettoes, banana-trees, hummocks, and everglades which had floated in many confusion through his dreams when

a cadet became now inviting realities. Not content with the ordinary duties of his office as lieutenant of a company, he sought and was permitted to undertake those of a topographical engineer, and pushed eagerly into the wild jungles whose mysteries had already fired his imagination. A reconnoissance of the region about the Big Cypress Swamp, with the view to the location of military roads, was the special object of the explorations. No great caution was deemed necessary. Several years had passed since we had, by deposing the chiefs who dissented, forced the Seminoles to accept a treaty requiring them to give up their lands and homes and to remove to the west of the Mississippi. The war which this brought on, in which our nation, operating against about three thousand men, women, and children, spent some seven years, fifteen hundred lives, and ten millions of dollars, had come to an end. Its fierce contests were over, and Osceola, the able and determined savage leader, caught by cunning

and bad faith, had died in one of our prisons. All of his followers had been removed except the few—three hundred, perhaps—under "Billy Bowlegs," who obtained delay from time to time through promises, professions of friendliness, and other deceptions in keeping with their character and with the treatment they had received from the whites.

Lieutenant Hartsuff's surveys began in 1855. We had then been at peace (!) with the Seminoles for thirteen years. During that long period Billy Bowlegs and his followers were in constant and friendly communication with our people and troops, without, however, inspiring any great degree of confidence in their sincerity. Deep in the wilds of the marvellous region, to which they clung so fondly, these Indians had villages, where their wants, with scarce any effort on their part, were profusely supplied by nature. Game and fish were at hand and easily taken; and orange and banana trees, laden with fruit, grew without cultivation around their huts. Their

villages, in fact, were not much more than luxuriant orchards serving as the rendezvous for different bands or families. They could, in all seasons, wander at pleasure in the delicious and even climate, where bud and blossom and fruit followed each other in close and unbroken procession around the circuit of the year.

To find the inhabitants all absent from these villages was not an alarming, though it was rather an unusual, occurrence. Lieutenant Hartsuff was well known to the chief, Billy Bowlegs, and to the Indians generally, and during the winter of 1854-5 he passed unmolested to and fro in their country with an escort of but one man, and frequently quite alone. Not the slightest evidence of a hostile purpose was manifested by the savages during all of that season, nor was any offence given them. The successful and valuable surveys were carried on until spring. The summer and autumn of 1855 passed quietly away, and as soon as winter set in Hartsuff, impatient for the oppor-

tunity, resumed his labors, prepared to penetrate still further into the everglades. His party was organized at Fort Myers, on the Caloosahatchie, early in December, and was enlarged with a view to so dividing it up as to cover more ground. He took one sergeant, one corporal, and eight privates, two of them acting as drivers for the two six-mule teams which formed his train, all the rest being on horseback, armed with muskets. His orders were to proceed to and reconnoitre the Big Cypress Swamp and its neighborhood. The morning of the 7th of December found the party on the march, and as the day drew to a close they encamped fifteen miles from the post, having moved slowly and encountered no adventure. After making the same distance the next day and establishing camp, a reconnoissance was made. The only persons seen were an Indian man and a boy driving hogs. They showed no hostility, tried to keep out of the way, and appeared averse to furnishing information.

The movement was continued by short marches, a part of each day, and sometimes a whole day, being devoted to careful examination of the surrounding country. Indian villages were frequently found, but no Indians and no evidence of any. Some of the old forts and blockhouses built during the Florida war were found to have been burned—a fact which made Lieutenant Hartsuff more cautious, but did not deter him in the prosecution of the duty to which he had been assigned. On the 17th of December, after having been out ten days, the Lieutenant found himself in camp in the vicinity of Billy Bowlegs's village. He devoted the 18th and 19th to a thorough exploration of the neighborhood, visited several Indian villages, amongst them Billy's town and Assemwah's town, but found both these places entirely deserted. There was not the slightest evidence that a human being, civilized or savage, had been there during the preceding summer or autumn. The ripened fruit was unplucked.

The fires had long since died out. The places which had been most frequented were overrun with weeds. The long grass was tangled and knotted across the hardened but deserted paths, and silence reigned supreme in the everglades. The Seminole chief and his followers had disappeared. Their movements and purpose were matters of conjecture, the conclusion being that, for some reason known only to themselves, they had left the interior and gone to the seaboard.

A large part of the country was flooded, the water varying in depth from a few inches to five or six feet, and the entire surface being covered with grass growing from the bottom. Here and there the hummocks, slightly elevated above the general level, stood as islands, overgrown with trees, dense thickets of tropical plants, vines, thorny shrubs, etc., etc. Still higher sandy grounds were occasionally met with, timbered with large pines and quite free from underbrush, which were known as pine islands, whether surrounded by

water or not. It was in a small open prairie adjoining one of these pine islands, and but a few yards in front of a hummock surrounded by its grassy lake, that Lieutenant Hartsuff's party spent the 18th and 19th of December. Neither the exploring parties during the day nor the sentinels at night discovered the least sign of Indians. This the lieutenant regretted, as, being at peace with them and having pleasant personal relations with Billy Bowlegs, the chief, he had hoped to derive valuable aid from them in making his surveys. The season being unusually wet, and having gone as far into the everglades as seemed practicable at the time, he resolved to begin his homeward march on the morning of the 20th, expecting to reach Fort Myers in time to supply the garrison for Christmas with venison and wild turkeys, of which he could kill an abundance on his return march. The night passed in perfect quiet. The guard wakened the teamsters at three A.M.; the mules were harnessed but not hitched up; the men

cooked and ate their breakfast, struck their tents, and, somewhat scattered, were by daylight in the act of saddling their horses — the lieutenant's breakfast was ready at the camp-fire, while he, but partly dressed, was yet in his tent—when the war-whoop from forty savage throats rent the still air, and a shower of bullets crashed among the startled little band. Every tree in the adjacent pine island sheltered a warrior, the nearest of them being but a few feet distant. The Indians, as is their usual practice on such occasions, directed their efforts to destroying or stampeding the animals. The fire they concentrated upon the teams made it difficult for the men to assemble under cover of the wagons. Three out of the ten enlisted men —the sergeant, the corporal, and one private — who were saddling their horses a short distance away, were cut off from the main body and took no part in the struggle. They alone escaped unhurt. At the sound of the first whoop the lieutenant, seizing his revolver and rushing out of his

tent, saw the foe, painted and fantastically adorned, advancing stealthily from the cover of one tree to that of another. He quickly shot two of them who were almost within reach of the muzzle of his pistol; then, receiving a severe wound in his arm, he ran to the wagons, a few yards distant, passing on the way two of his men who had fallen mortally wounded. At the wagons he found two others lying dead, but three brave fellows were fighting desperately under such shelter as the wagons afforded. One of these, like himself, was already badly wounded. But while the lieutenant and this soldier were prevented by their wounds from loading, they were able to fire, and this they did as rapidly as the other two prepared the surplus muskets for their use. The unequal struggle was of short duration. But two soldiers were on their feet, and both of these were wounded. The lieutenant, in addition to the wound in his arm, had received a severe and intensely painful shock from a bullet which struck a pistol

in his pocket, and by the time he rallied from this a ball penetrated his side and lodged in his lung, where, years after, it formed the centre of the inflammation from which he died. He told the two surviving men he could do nothing more and they must take care of themselves, and hastened to the cover of the adjacent hummock. The two wounded soldiers followed, and, after great suffering, reached Fort Myers. While the facts were still fresh, one of them—a rough but gallant fellow — gave his commander a written account, from which the following are extracts:

"The lieutenant was dressed, had washed, and was, I think, combing his hair, when I heard the war-whoop and a shot fired. I was getting his breakfast and didn't know what it meant; thought it was our men firing at a deer, until I saw an Indian behind a tree in act of firing. Soon as I saw that I seized and fired my rifle and retreated to the wagons for shelter. There I found Hanna and Mur-

taugh. We fired two rounds each, when Murtaugh received a wound through the belly and fell. He exclaimed, 'I am mortally wounded.' I told him to get into a hammock and save himself, and he did so. Lieutenant Hartsuff then ran up and said: 'For God's sake, where are all the men? Were they all killed at first fire?' I answered: 'These two are all I have seen.' He then asked: 'How are you off for ammunition?' I said: 'Pretty short.' It was about this time that Hauna was shot in the stomach and myself in the thigh, but the ball or slug struck my knife and saved my leg. I heard the lieutenant say that Foster or Worth had a leg broke; also that if we could get to shelter we could lick them all. He asked us to load for him and hand him muskets, which he fired several times until he received a shot in the left side; it made him stagger clear around. He put his hand to his side and said he was done for, paused two minutes, pulled out his pistol, and said: 'Now, by heavens! the pistol has saved my life, for

the ball has struck the pistol.' He was also shot in the left side. Being exhausted from loss of blood, he shortly afterwards retreated to a hummock. Myself and Hanna fired three or four shots more, and I said to him: 'My last cartridge is in my rifle, and our legs must save us.' He answered me. Then we retreated to a hummock, and put off in direction of Fort Simon Drum, going a good deal out of our course, thinking they would pursue us on horseback. Both of us together made the best of our way to Fort Myers. I arrived on the evening of the 21st, having walked the whole distance, seventy miles, about fifty of which were knee-deep in water, carrying my rifle, and without eating a mouthful of food. I left Baker, who had his rifle also, about fifteen miles from Fort Myers, he having become so exhausted as to be unable to walk further." Lieutenant Hartsuff was now alone and desperately wounded. He with great effort crawled through the hummock, but in crossing a "lily-

pond" fell and was unable to rise again, the water covering all but his head. While in this position he heard an Indian cry: "Come out, come out!" He remained perfectly quiet, and the Indians, possibly awed by the gallantry he had displayed and his mysterious disappearance from their view, quickly left the field with their ill-gotten plunder. And now commenced a struggle for life, possibly never equalled for endurance and persistency. Lieutenant Hartsuff remained in the pond where he had fallen for about two hours. The agony from his wounds was intense, and the alligators, attracted by his blood, made his position doubly dangerous. He got up and staggered along about two hundred yards, when he fell from exhaustion. He remained on the ground, unable to move, until night, when he dragged his suffering body inch by inch for about half a mile, when exhausted nature again succumbed, and, blistered by the hot sun and lacerated by thorns and briers, he again fell, and lay in mortal agony for two

days and two nights. On the evening of the third day he managed to get to his feet, and slowly staggered on towards Fort Simon Drum. He could only go about half a mile at a time; but his wonderful vitality held him up, and slowly but surely he made his way. In this manner he progressed until sunrise, but could then go no further. He lay down, and fortunately found water close by, with which he refreshed his parched lips and laved his fevered brow. Food had not passed his lips for eighty-two hours. He remained in this place until the following afternoon (Sunday), when he again resumed his weary journey, and finally approached the Fort, and was found by a party of soldiers in search of him at about eight o'clock in the evening. During his journey he had, from time to time, bound and rebound his own wounds, and, when he had almost given up hope, had written his name and a brief account of the disaster on a small piece of paper with his own blood, and this paper was found pinned to his breast.

His strong constitution, wonderful nerve, and impatience of the tediousness of the sick-room all combined to produce a quick recovery; and Lieutenant Hartsuff took the field in the following spring against the same Indians who had so nearly destroyed him in the winter.

It is not our purpose to treat of his subsequent glorious career, but merely to give an example of unsurpassed bravery and endurance. All are tenacious of life, but to all it is not given to defy death as did this hero. When we recollect that not only had he to contend against the pain of severe wounds, but against the quite as deadly pangs of hunger and of thirst, we can but wonder of what stuff this brave soul was made. But in after-years, on other fields more in the public gaze and with greater opportunities for glory, he showed that it was forged of the true metal, and that time had but tempered the steel and hardened it for his country's service. He was a Titan in body as in mind, and "though gone before he is not forgotten."

# "Soldiers Afloat."

OUR war with Mexico ended in 1848, giving us California; the Pacific Railroad was still an embryo in the womb of the future, and rude stage-coaches and more primitive vehicles were the only means of conveyance overland. The alternative was the long voyage around the Horn. The line between our possessions and those of Great Britain in the Northwest had, after great discussion and display of temper, been finally decided.

It was deemed necessary by our Government to take military possession of our Pacific regions; accordingly, a battalion of the First Regiment of United States Artillery, consisting of companies "L" and "M," the former commanded by Captain and Brevet-Major Hathaway and the

latter by Captain Hill, received orders on the 12th of September, 1848, to proceed to Oregon and establish the military posts required on that line. An officer of one of the companies selected for this expedition, being asked many years afterwards to give a short account of the voyage to that distant and unexplored region, wrote as follows:

Shakspeare divides the life of man into seven ages. But the life of a soldier naturally, almost inevitably, further subdivides itself into well-defined parts; campaigns in active operations and new stations in time of peace forming distinct chapters, complete in themselves, and, like the acts in a drama, each having its own scenery and *dramatis personæ*. To recur to these chapters after they have gone into the past is usually interesting and always more or less instructive. How often do we wonder at the false notions, the selfishness, and possibly the partisanship with which we played our parts! How utterly unworthy of the importance which we

once attached to them those parts may now seem, and how valuable such reflections might be if we could apply them properly to the affairs of the present, which are but making up another chapter, soon, like the rest, to become a part of the past! One of these chapters in my life ended with the close of the Mexican war, and another began with assignment to a battalion of the First United States Artillery, ordered on the 12th of September, 1848, to proceed from New York City, *via* Cape Horn, to the Columbia River in Oregon. A long and delightful tour of duty at Fort Hamilton was in prospect when the unexpected summons came, entailing a six months' sea-voyage and a prolonged stay in the wilderness at the end of it. California was secured to us by the treaty of "Guadalupe Hidalgo," and troops had been sent into that region. Our bluster about "fifty-four-forty or fight" had ceased, and we had accepted *forty-nine* as our northern boundary of Oregon, and in 1849 a Territorial government was established and

that region was organized into military department No. 2. A battalion of the First United States Artillery was directed to take military possession. In preparing the battalion for this expedition the married officers were replaced by unmarried ones. The tour of duty was to be a protracted one in a field where it was supposed no marriageable ladies could be found. The question whether, under the circumstances, married or unmarried officers ought to be selected, was fully and earnestly discussed, the married men taking the negative. They made their point, though it was never admitted that they settled a principle. Owing, probably, to the action in this connection, six, if not seven, of the nine "flowers" who constituted this command "wasted their sweetness on the desert air" and remained bachelor soldiers.

The battalion went on board the Government transport *Massachusetts*, a full-rigged ship, with a propeller as an auxiliary, on the 10th of November, 1848. How

I dreaded meeting the medical officer of the command! There was a coolness between us. In the winter of 1847 I went to the city of Mexico in charge of a detachment of recruits for the Third United States Artillery. On the day of arrival two or three of the recruits were sick. The acting sergeant of the detachment was directed to present them to the doctor next morning. The surgeon resided in the city and came to the presidio at sick-call. The sick of the regular garrison were presented to him by the orderly sergeants of companies, their names on a sick-book in due form. After these were all disposed of on the morning in question, the sick recruits were brought forward with their names written on a dirty slip of paper. The doctor would not recognize them; cut them off short—no sick-book, did not know who they were, etc.—and they received no physic. This was reported, and I said to the doctor, using a slang expression familiar to West Point, and probably putting on some extra airs, "Well, doctor,

you 'cut' my recruits this morning." A few words of explanation followed, but the doctor soon gave me to understand that he knew his own business, and if I had a complaint it must be made officially. I thereupon left him. The matter, however, seemed to sour on his mind. The next morning he attended to my recruits, and to me too. He prescribed pills for them and powder for me. I was struck with amazement. I read and re-read his note without being able to understand just what my offence was. It *seemed* to be not so much what I had said or done as that the saying and doing were by a very young officer. I can see plainly now that the doctor and I were looking from entirely different standpoints. He was comparing me with the officers of high rank, gallant services, and great knowledge with whom he was in daily association, and he therefore expected a large degree of modesty, deference, and respect, whereas my mind was entirely filled by certain great truths obtained from another direction, and was

totally closed to the considerations which occupied his. I looked downwards to the level I had left and compared myself with the cadets; in doing so I felt that I had reached a dizzy height. I *had just graduated at West Point;* had "changed the gray for the blue"; was in actual possession of the dazzling prize which the instructor once held up before the gaze of the flagging cadet. I was receiving in my own hands sixty-four dollars and fifty cents a month, and had a red stripe down the leg of my trousers. I *could* not under these circumstances be modest, and did not feel that I owed deference to anybody. Graduates of the Military Academy will understand the feeling it is designed to describe. By a happy chance I determined to put the whole matter into the hands of the older officers of my regiment and abide by their judgment. While they were perfectly willing to perform the disagreeable duty of taking the conceit out of their own subs, they were not at all inclined to let an outsider, especially a staff-

officer, have a hand in it, or even to acknowledge to outsiders that there was any conceit to be dealt with. They prepared a very weak and diplomatic letter of explanation for my signature. The doctor accepted the same and dropped the subject, *but he dropped me with it.* We were strangers to each other until we met on the deck of the old *Massachusetts* as officers *en route* to Oregon. Then he gave me his hand in a frank and cordial way. He had evidently, with good sense and good taste, placed the incident where it belonged, in the closed chapter on the Mexican war.

While the lieutenants of the command had well-defined characteristics, there was no one so peculiar as to be offensive, or even disagreeable, to the others. One was a practical joker, who put emetics in his whiskey when he found the steward was stealing it. Another was the wag, as far as we permitted that character to develop. Another still was the banker, who lent us money when we were hard up. We placed

no restriction upon the development of *his* specialty. To meet our expenses in foreign ports we were permitted to draw six months' pay in advance, *and most of us spent it in advance.* I advise no one to repeat this part of my experience.

The *Massachusetts*, Captain Wood commanding, had ample accommodations. The men were comfortably quartered between decks, and each officer had a state-room. The captain of the ship furnished waiters for the cabin and meals for the officers at a very reasonable rate. Twice a week one of the officers used to say that he had dined out. These were our days for "plum-duff," which he would partake of freely for the purpose of producing the feeling of discomfort and distension of the stomach, which he said was the principal result of dinner-parties with him. The officers had their own servants. In those days one servant attended to two or three officers, and did it well. Now it takes two or three servants to wait on one officer. It is difficult to say exactly what this change

should be attributed to. Perhaps it has been brought about by the spirit of *organization*, which is one of the hobbies of the present age. Organization and reorganization are now carried into all the concerns of life, great and small, and are frequently resorted to with no other result than enabling *somebody* to escape the full and fair share of the work which actually belongs to him. In domestic affairs of the present day organization means getting one more servant to wait on those already employed. My servant was Bill, a colored boy fifteen years old. He was brought up in Church Street, New York, and came to me well recommended (they always do). Bill had certain vices which it is very difficult for an employer to distinguish from virtues, especially during active operations or at remote places. He preyed upon the rest of the world for the benefit of his master and himself.

It takes a person of some experience and cultivation always to draw the line between *foraging* and *stealing* just in the

right place. Bill failed in it. His master had no money but the little he borrowed, yet in Rio Janeiro Bill had plenty. In Valparaiso he was flush. In Honolulu he was positively lavish. After leaving the last-named port our commissary and quartermaster counted his public funds. He started with ten thousand dollars in coin, deposited in a small iron chest which he kept in his stateroom. The count showed a considerable deficiency. An investigation was held and search made without developing any significant facts, but everybody felt sure Bill was guilty. Flogging seemed to be regarded as a necessary feature in so long a voyage, and it was decided by the authorities to flog Bill until he confessed. He was accordingly tied up in the rigging and the lash was applied, but he denied to the last and was released with the sympathies of his tormentors. Very soon afterwards, however, accident exposed his guilt, and he made full confession and explanation. He had managed to get hold of the key, and had been run-

ning his arm elbow-deep into our miniature United States Treasury. This was thirty years ago. He was a little in advance of his generation. Bill was put ashore at the mouth of the Columbia River without a recommendation. He did not need one. Some time after he was seen in the streets of San Francisco, smiling and prosperous. They had evidently not yet found him out. He subsequently disappeared suddenly and was heard of no more. Justice was swift and sure in California when they had no law there. He probably shared the fate of the man whose profession and end a Missouri poet describes as follows:

"He found a rope and picked it up,
And with it walked away;
It happened that to t'other end
A horse was hitched, they say.

"*They* found a tree and tied the rope
Unto a swinging limb;
It happened that the other end
Was somehow hitched *to him*."

To return from this long digression,

We sailed out of New York harbor on Friday, the 10th of November, 1848. It was a cold and dreary day. Summer had started south several weeks before, but we caught up in a few days and carried it with us through both the northern and southern waters of the Atlantic and Pacific. During the entire voyage the general rules governing troops on board transports were strictly observed, and all of the ordinary military duties which the limited space would permit were performed. The companies were regularly paraded, inspected, mustered, and drilled at the manual of arms; guard-mounting was conducted in due form and guard duty rigidly performed. Sunday inspections were rather more thorough than in garrison. The Episcopal service was read by the captain of the ship.

We reached Rio Janeiro early in December. Here, as at other stopping-places on the voyage, we attracted attention as the first body of United States Regulars that had appeared upon the scene.

Our navy was strongly represented in the harbor of Rio Janeiro, and was active and vigilant in its efforts to suppress that greatest of all infamies, the slave trade. Immediately after arrival we had our first, in fact our only, disturbance on shipboard. It seems there was at that time something in the unwritten law prescribing the duties and privileges of sailors under which the crew expected, part at a time, to have a run on shore immediately after getting into port. For reasons which he deemed sufficient the captain decided that water must be taken aboard before any of the men could leave the ship. The sailors struck—every man of them refused to go to work. The captain applied to the battalion commander for aid in enforcing discipline. A military guard was paraded on the quarter-deck, all hands called aft, and the sailors formed in line in front of the guard. The captain, solemn and determined, was in front of his crew. With the guard behind them he knew he had the best of it. The first mate stood

by with a small handful of lashing cords; the second mate near the mainstay with a "cat" in his hand; the third mate near him with another "cat" to meet the contingency of the second mate getting tired or sick. There was no speech-making, no remonstrance, no explanation. The captain said, addressing himself directly to the sailor on the right of the line: "Jack, will you go to duty?" Jack answered: "No, sir." "Trice him up in the main rigging and flog him until he says he will go to his duty." The first mate "triced" accordingly, and the second mate flogged. After about a dozen lashes Jack said: "I will go to me duty, sir," and he was taken down and sent forward. The same course was pursued with every one of the eighteen or twenty sailors. It seemed to be a part of their *noblesse* that every man should take his flogging before yielding, and their pluck—and probably rank among themselves in the forecastle—was fixed by the relative amounts of punishment endured before surrendering.

Some took twenty or thirty blows, whereas others gave in at the third or fourth. The case of one sailor indicated that there was no statute of limitation in the code of the ship. After he announced that he would go to duty the second mate said: "This man was sulky and impudent during the gale just after we left New York. Can I give him a few for that, sir?" The captain simply replied: "Aye, aye, sir," and the mate settled old scores according to his own judgment without further discussion or explanation. As soon as these ceremonies were over the crew went to work cheerfully enough pumping water aboard, and at the order of the first mate, who sang out, "Come, start a song there, some of ye," they actually began to sing. It is hoped this incident will not be regarded as furnishing an argument in favor of flogging. It may be a little amusing, but the occurrence exhibited a lamentable brutality in more directions than one.

We sailed from Rio Janeiro soon after Christmas for the Straits of Magellan, as,

by means of our propeller, we could make the smoother and more interesting trip through the Straits instead of the rougher and more tedious one around the Horn. Not knowing much about the navigation of that narrow passage, we ran only by day, and not every day, as both a strong wind and current, setting from the Pacific to the Atlantic side, made navigation difficult and unsafe. We were a week going through, and saw nothing of special interest. A few native Indians of the very lowest order, whose desire for tobacco was the only thing they could make known to us, and the guards of a penal station which Chili has about the middle of the Straits, were the only persons we encountered. It was mid-summer in that region, but the weather was cold and windy, with snow in the air. From the Straits of Magellan we went to Valparaiso, where we spent six days most delightfully. One evening while in that city we dined ashore with some officers of our navy. They were all jolly good fellows. We

were to join our barge at twelve midnight to go on board. The good cheer and pleasant company had made us merry. We could not see much, it being rather dark; but everything we did see was beautiful. One of our lieutenants found a Skye terrier on a doorstep. He confiscated it, claiming that we were in an enemy's country, as shown by the fact that the inhabitants spoke Spanish, the language of our enemies, the Mexicans. After some perseverance with his burden he reached the wharf. Having been several months afloat, and just from dinner with seafaring men, we felt bound to indulge freely in nautical language. The lieutenant called out: "I say, cox'ain, stand by to take a dog aboard." "Aye, aye, sir," replied the coxswain. "Away *she* goes," said the lieutenant, (it was a male, but sailors are partial to the feminine gender.) The lieutenant generated much force for "heaving" the animal, but, instead of applying it all to the dog, he divided it between the dog's body and his own about in proportion

to their respective masses. The dog went into the boat and the lieutenant went into the sea. The coxswain was equal to the occasion. He sang out: "Man overboard. Stand by, all hands, to catch *her* as *she* rises." "Hold fast there, you, Jack; keep all ye get." (A sailor had seized the lieutenant by the hair as he came to the surface.) "All together now! *haul!* steady! lower away on her!" and the lieutenant was stretched in the bottom of the barge. "There ye are, *sir*." The lieutenant's gender was restored as soon as the coxswain's duty of "hauling" and "lowering away" on him had been completed. After his plunge-bath the youngster took a more sober view of things. The Skye terrier had changed into a mangy, short-haired cur. It was pitched on to the wharf without any nautical phrases, and thus escaped either a watery grave or a captivity which, no doubt, would have proved equally disagreeable to captive and captor. At Valparaiso we heard for the first time of the discovery of gold in California. The

stories were marvellous, but, as we learned subsequently, were not exaggerated. We had thought of making San Francisco our next stopping-place, but the danger of losing both sailors and soldiers decided us, on leaving Valparaiso, February 15, 1849, to shape our course for the Sandwich Islands. On our way there we passed over some good, so-called, whaling *grounds* near the Galapagos Islands. New Bedford was there in force. We were boarded by one captain who had been in those waters for nearly three years, and during all that time had received no news from home. The fact of Taylor's election to the Presidency of the United States had been announced just as we were leaving New York. We sailed big with the news, and gladly retailed it upon every opportunity. When the whaler came aboard we waited only for suitable questions to surprise and interest him; but, Yankee though he was, he asked no questions, and we were compelled to volunteer our information. It did not seem to interest

him in the least. We offered him the latest New York papers, which he accepted politely, but in a way that showed they were of no value to him. Nothing aroused him until he saw a signal from his vessel that a whale was spouting. Then he showed the man and master. His leave-taking was a hasty one. He probably felt so far behind in the matter of news as to make him conclude it would be a hopeless task to try and get enough during this visit to understand what we were talking about. His heart and mind were evidently impervious to everything except getting his cargo of oil and going home. Under the circumstances this was doubtless the happiest condition he could be in. What a wise provision of nature that enabled him to reach it!

Arriving at Honolulu on the 9th of April, 1840, we were objects of interest and wonder to the natives. But one *steamer* before ours had entered the port, and that was not seen by the king and queen of the islands. Our troops were the

first that had ever appeared there, and, no doubt, in numbers and appointments looked to the natives like a large and thoroughly equipped *army*. The Hawaiian Government had a very small military force in the town. We were treated with marked kindness and politeness by the king, princes, and ministers. We sailed from Honolulu on the 15th of April, 1849, for the mouth of the Columbia River, arriving off the harbor on the 9th of May. The bar was difficult and dangerous even with a pilot. The breakers showed all the way across. The channel going in ran first about east, then nearly north, and then east again, requiring two sharp turns in close quarters. We stood off and on during the 9th, studying the bearings, and on the 10th decided to venture in. Our captain spread his charts before him; desired that every one should be still and silent; got on a full head of steam and approached the bar; but instead of entering, his courage oozed out and he turned off to sea. He wanted an

infusion of pluck. He said to the commanding officer of the troops: "Major, *do you order me* to go over that bar?" The major replied: "Captain, where do the written instructions under which you have come thus far require you to go?" The captain said: "Into the Columbia River." "That is just where mine require me to go with you, and the sooner you take me there the better I shall like it," said the major. "But," said the captain, "are you prepared to take the risk of being lost on that bar?" "I am prepared," said the major, "to ride in this ship wherever you are prepared to drive her in pursuance of your instructions to land me in the Columbia River." That ended the interview between the chief soldier and sailor; but a loud murmur ran around among the officers of the battalion. "Oh! go ahead, captain," they said; "you can make it, there is no danger," and so forth. That bar was all that lay between us and the end of a long voyage. We were tired of looking upon the sea, of

smelling bilge-water, of eating corned beef and "plum-duff." It was a lovely day in May, and the land-breeze brought sweet odors from the shore. The tall firs and patches of green sward were plainly visible to the naked eye; and through the glass we could see men and women (Indians) enjoying the freedom of the forest. Any danger seemed preferable to delay. With nerve and skill that did him honor, the captain finally made the venture and carried his ship over safely, and landed us at Fort Vancouver, about one hundred and thirty miles up the river, on the 13th of May, 1849. We established our camp on a ridge in the edge of the wood; by great labor trimmed all the branches from a straight fir-tree more than a hundred and fifty feet high, fixed a pulley on the top, and hoisted the stars and stripes. We had reached the end of our long voyage. It had been a safe and pleasant one, notwithstanding the fact that it was begun on *Friday*. We had not lost a

man by death or desertion. Not an officer had been put in arrest or under charges. There had been but little drinking and no gambling, (there was *some* card-playing after the rifle regiment arrived in the following autumn.) No quarrel or miff occurred among us during the six months' voyage, (there were no ladies on board.) To narrate the events of our stay in Oregon would take too long, and perhaps prove tedious. Suffice it to say both officers and men found the country charming. Besides hunting, fishing, boating, riding, etc., we had all the novelty of a comparatively new world to interest us.

Of the nine officers who belonged to this battalion, but one is left upon the active list of the army. One is on the retired list. Two are engaged in civil pursuits, having resigned many years ago. Five have gone to their graves; they are mourned as truest of the true among their friends. Admiration, preference, love even, may be given without

thorough acquaintance, and those sentiments are often independent of the *worthiness* of the object. But *true friendship*, that which cannot decay or be broken, is based upon that thorough knowledge of each other which is acquired only under peculiar circumstances. Friendships formed in the times that "try men's souls" are enduring, because founded upon convictions of worthiness that venial faults cannot impair.

# "The Penitentes."

AN officer of the army, travelling on duty in New Mexico during the summer of 1877, took occasion to make some researches into the habits and customs of that region, especially of the descendants of the Spaniards who formerly held possession of the territory. None more curious were observed than those of the religious sect of "The Penitentes."

These are persons who belong to a secret religious order existing in both Old and New Mexico. The origin of the fraternity is not well defined, but there is not much doubt that it has grown up in New Mexico since the Spaniards took possession in 1540 and enforced the Roman Catholic religion upon the inhabitants, the Pueblo Indians. Indian superstition may, to some extent, have crept into this monstrosity;

but the order itself is an outgrowth of the Church of Rome as administered by the Spaniards. The dogma of that Church under which penances were exacted and indulgences granted is probably the corner-stone of the sect. "Penitentes" are Romanists; but in both Old and New Mexico there are many members of the Church who do not belong to the order. In fact, the Church professes not to encourage the order; but it tolerates it, yielding to what it cannot now prevent, even if it would. This toleration is shown in many ways; as, for example, keeping the doors of the church open to permit the "Penitentes," when coming in procession from secret meetings at their lodges, to enter and complete their ceremonies at the foot of the altar.

The superstitions and cruelties of this remarkable sect are so gross that it could not maintain its existence by recruiting its ranks from an adult population as inferior even as that of which it is now composed. Occasionally an adult joins, but membership is generally acquired by inheritance—

children receiving it from their parents by birth, and being brought up to the observance of its duties. At the tender age of ten or eleven years females as well as males are initiated in its most cruel practices. The members in New Mexico are necessarily nearly all natives; but the order does not restrict membership to any one nationality. An Irishman once joined, but whether Pat acted from conviction, curiosity, or pure devilment does not appear. Two "Yankees" also are known to have been initiated for the characteristic purpose, as it was alleged, of securing the political favor of the brotherhood. Mutual aid in case of necessity is one of the obligations, probably the best, of membership. Penances vary with offences, and are not always the same for the same sins. They change with attending circumstances, and also with the localities, the greatest cruelties being practised in those places where the people are most ignorant and superstitious. Conspicuous ceremonies take place several times during the year,

but those of Holy Week are the most striking. The following affords a fair example of them:

There are two lodges of Penitentes at La Junta, New Mexico, about two miles from Fort Union. A lodge is usually an adobe structure, rectangular in shape and some twenty feet square; one story high, with one door; near the roof one small square window with a wooden shutter. On Thursday in Holy Week of 1877 the members were assembled in one of their lodges, door and window closed. A quarter of a mile or so from the lodge stood a full-sized crucifix. About noon the lodge door opened and a procession emerged. It consisted of a column of three single files. The outer files, each more numerous than the centre one, were made up of attendants. The centre file was composed of nine persons, who were the "penitentes" of the occasion. Six were men, one a woman, and two were boys of about ten or twelve years of age. The men and boys were naked, except that each wore a pair of

linen trousers. The woman wore but one garment, and that hung loosely from her shoulders to her ankles. The faces of all were concealed by handkerchiefs, scarfs, or masks. Some of the men carried on their backs crosses made of green timber about a foot square, the long arm being some fourteen or fifteen feet, the whole making a weight which it was just possible for the bearer to carry by stooping and clasping his arms around the short arm of the cross, while the lower end of the long arm dragged on the ground. The boys, and the men who did not bear crosses, carried in their hands long scourges made of the "soapweed," a species of cactus, plaited into an instrument of torture not less severe than a "cat-o'-nine tails." Before leaving the lodge the backs of the unfortunate sufferers were scarified with sharp pieces of flint. This was done not so much to add to the sufferings as to make the blood flow freely under the tortures yet to come, and thus prevent the serious consequences which might

otherwise follow the clotting of blood and bruising of the flesh by the scourge. The woman's preparations were for even deeper agony than that of her companions. On her naked back, beneath the gown, she wore a round, thorny cactus plant, about the diameter of an ordinary water-pail and some six or eight inches thick; her hands were pinioned behind, her ankles tied together by a cord which permitted her to take steps of only six inches at a time; about her neck a rope was fastened with its two ends extending to the front, each end being held by an attendant. Thus prepared, the ghastly procession dragged its slow pace along, the Penitentes, one behind the other, two or three yards apart. The route was that leading to the standing cross in the distance. The progress was attended with the loud noise of chants, moans, and lamentations. The cross-bearers frequently fell upon their faces under their crushing burdens, and were as often helped to their feet by the zealous attendants, only to stag-

ger on and fall again. At every step those with scourges lashed their bleeding backs with all the force of both hands, first over one shoulder and then over the other. The blood flowed in streams to their feet, saturating the white trousers. The lacerated backs soon became raw and skinless masses, the scourges growing more and more severe as they hardened by taking up blood and flesh. The woman, hobbled as she was, and with her hands lashed to her back, bore against the rope held by the two attendants in front. These now and again, by sudden jerks, threw her full length upon the ground, with the thorny cactus on her back and no protection from her pinioned hands. After these falls she was lifted to her feet again, only to suffer a repetition of this most astounding cruelty. When the procession at length reached the cross all knelt, or tried to kneel. Many of the Penitentes, on dropping to their knees, fell prostrate to the earth under their sufferings and their heavy burdens. The ceremonies at the

cross, noisy and meaningless to the uninitiated, consumed some fifteen or twenty minutes. Then the procession reformed and went back in the same manner that it came. The attendants during the return had more frequently to raise and drag the fallen victims, and some of them even seized and plied the scourges, which, from agony and exhaustion, the sufferers were using too gently. When the lodge was at last entered, the door was closed and the infliction of torture came to an end. These barbarous rites were followed by wild ceremonies in the lodge at night, intended to symbolize the casting off of sin which had been effected by the agonies of the day. At midnight the members moved in slow procession to the church, whose portals they found open to them, and there closed the performances for the time being.

Actual crucifixion sometimes forms part of the rites of which the foregoing is an illustration. The choice of the victim does not depend either on his virtues or his vices. He is selected by lot, and is

deemed peculiarly fortunate. The crown of thorns, spear, and nails are omitted; but exhaustion and the stoppage of circulation, produced by the tightly-drawn ligaments with which he is lashed to the cross, sometimes produce death. The sufferer is kept on the cross until the ceremonials around the foot of it are completed. His moans from above are drowned by louder noises from below, and his condition goes unheeded. If he holds out, well and good; if not, so much the worse for him. Deaths from sufferings on the cross, as well as from those during the procession, have occurred quite recently. When they happen the body is quickly covered by the attendants, carried off and quietly buried, and silence is kept. No one appears to have ever yet cared enough about such losses to start investigation or enquiry concerning them.

The parts taken by the sufferers in these sacrificial rites usually result from some general rule or scale fixed by the lodge; but sometimes they are by special decision.

In either case they may arise from confession or conviction.

When a Penitente dies the funeral is conducted according to the forms of the church; but prior to, and independent of, the funeral, the order holds a species of "wake" over the remains at the residence of the deceased. Friends assemble at night, the members of the order alone being admitted to the room where the services of the sect are performed. These services consist of lamentations, prayers, and scourging of the naked backs of the men of the family. Their dwellings are low, and the scourges used on these occasions often reach the ceilings and bedaub them with blood from the backs of the mourners.

The tenets of this peculiar sect are handed down orally from generation to generation. Whether the tortures they inflict are endured as atonement for sins of the past or to secure indulgence for those of the future, or with an eye in both directions, is not known to the world. It is quite

probable that the gross cruelties are enforced merely as superstitions without any very well defined purpose. There is certainly nothing specially reformatory in the torture. The members of the order are no better than the rest of the community, if as good. Possibly they imagine their sufferings close old accounts of sin and permit the opening of new ones, even if they do not create a balance to the credit of the sinner. Certainly they go on sinning quite as freely after as they did before the settlement.

It is astonishing that in these days of missionaries and Christian labor such a condition of things should exist in our land. It illustrates the heterogeneous character of our population; but the picture has no bright or humorous side.

# "The Fatal Valley."

"A nation's gratitude perchance may spread
A thornless pillow for the widow's head;
May lighten well her heart's maternal care,
And wean from penury the soldier's heir."

IN the annals of our Indian warfares, filled as they are with accounts of atrocities perpetrated by the savage red-man, none more heartrending is to be found than the horrible massacre of Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel W. J. Fetterman, Captain F. H. Brown, and Lieutenant Grummond, with forty-nine men of the Eighteenth United States Infantry, and twenty-seven men of the Second United States Cavalry, and two civilians as volunteers, on the 21st of December, 1866, in the vicinity of Fort Philip Kearney, Dakota Territory. This post and Fort C. F. Smith, to the northwest

of it, both established in the summer of 1866, in the best and almost the last hunting-ground of the Sioux, were rankling thorns in the side of this large and warlike nation. The savages saw that the purpose was to open and protect a road from Virginia City, Montana, to the settlements in the East, thus bisecting their haunts. Unfortunately, there was not a proper relation between the strength of these remote stations * and the danger to which they were exposed. The white man had not yet lost any of the confidence inspired by years of almost unvarying triumph over the savage.†

He still entertained the mistaken notion that his long-continued success was due mainly to his personal superiority as a warrior over the despised foe, and not to the better weapons with which he was

* General Sherman's annual report, dated October 1, 1867, says the post of Fort Phil. Kearney was "garrisoned by five companies of the Eighteenth Infantry and one company of the Second Cavalry—four hundred and eleven men present for duty."

† Colonel Carrington, in his official report of this affair, says: "The officers who fell believed that no Indian force could overwhelm that number of troops well held in hand."

armed. But the time of bows and arrows as the Indian's war armament had gone or was rapidly passing away. While we were fully occupied from 1861 to 1865 with the war of the Rebellion, the swarms of savages on the frontiers were providing themselves on easy terms with the best of arms from the white man's stores. The supply of ammunition was so abundant that its use was no longer limited to killing game for food, but could be extended to battles, and even protracted campaigns, against those who furnished it. The Indian realized before the white man did that his old disadvantage was due to his arms and not to his personality. That very knowledge made him a stronger man. He could always greatly outnumber us in any combat in which he chose to engage, and, being as well armed as the white man, he was no longer influenced by doubts as to the result of any hostile enterprise he deemed it wise to undertake. Knowing that under the ruling system he could at his pleasure change from a state

of peace to one of war, or the reverse, his natural appetite for bloody deeds was greatly sharpened. Furthermore, it happened that the deep wrongs to which he was constantly subjected by the whites increased in about the same ratio as his power to avenge them. These are some of the facts relating to the bands of Sioux which hovered around Forts Phil. Kearney and C. F. Smith in 1866. The troops were not only far away from support and few in numbers, but the infantry was not then armed with breech-loading rifles.

It frequently happens on the plains that wood and water cannot be found close together in the region where a post is to be established. The wood for Fort Phil. Kearney had to be cut and hauled to the site on the river, a distance of some four and a half miles. The duty required of the troops was laborious and perilous in the extreme. One portion of them was in the woods cutting timber to house themselves in a terrible winter climate, another portion was receiving and hauling, another

still was building at the fort, while the fourth portion was charged with the difficult task of protecting the other three from a savage foe, numerous, well armed, brave, cunning, and hostile, but yet professing peace.

In the forenoon of the 21st of December, 1866, a signal of danger was given to the post by the picket guard on Sullivant's Hill, about a mile and a half away; and it was soon ascertained that the wagon-train, still further off on its way to the pinery where the timber was cut, had halted and formed into a defensive position against Indians. A few shots were heard, and Indians were seen passing to and fro among the bushes which skirted the creek in the distance. Orders were at once issued for the available troops to start to the rescue. Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Fetterman, though not designated by the commander of the post, claimed the right to command the detached force by virtue of his rank, which was conceded, and he accordingly took command. As Colonel

Fetterman's bravery and dash in the face of danger were conspicuous, he was warned previous to starting to be careful, as the Indians in the vicinity were known to be brave, skilful, and cunning. He was directed to "support the wood-train, relieve it, and return to the post." As the command started out Indians reappeared in clusters of four or five near the creek and in the brush. They were carefully watching the fort with a view to cut off any small party that might move out. A case-shot from the guns of the fort was neatly plumped amongst them, when they scattered and broke for the hills. Fetterman's command moved rapidly on and passed out of sight. Soon the picket on Sullivant's Hill reported that the wood-train had broken corral and moved on to the pinery, but nothing was heard from Fetterman's detachment. About noon firing was heard in the distance. Soon it became rapid, and the commandant of the post, Colonel Carrington, immediately called his working parties to arms and

started out all of his remaining force and two wagons, giving orders to join Colonel Fetterman at all hazards. The party proceeded swiftly to a ridge overlooking the supposed scene of action, but just as it reached there the firing ceased. Nothing was seen of Fetterman's party, but the fatal valley beyond was swarming with excited warriors, who challenged the soldiers to come down. The troops knew they had reached the ground from which sounds of Fetterman's guns had come, but not a man or horse of his command could be seen. As they moved cautiously forward to the spot the Indian skirmishers withdrew from the valley, and there were found eighty-one bodies weltering in their blood, amongst them Fetterman's and Brown's. It seemed to be the purpose of the Indians to permit this handful of troops to advance only far enough to see how completely and savagely their companions in arms had been butchered. No sooner had they taken a full view of the horrible field than the Indians in front,

too numerous to cope with, advanced in force and drove the troops back slowly to the fort. At the close of this bloody day the longest of winter nights closed in upon this most desolate region, with one part of the isolated little garrison exhausted within and the other part lying dead without its enclosure. The next morning Colonel Carrington with eighty men moved out to make further developments as to the enemy and the fate of his party. Without opposition he soon reached the field of disaster and death. The road on the ridge where the final stand had evidently been made was strewn with arrows, arrowheads, scalp-poles, and broken heads of spears. There was abundant evidence that Colonel Fetterman and his little band had been surrounded by overwhelming numbers and cut off while in retreat. The details were left to conjecture, as not a single man lived to tell the tale. A few bodies were found at the north end of the divide, but most of them were heaped beside four rocks at the point

nearest the fort, in a space about six feet square, that having apparently been the last refuge. Fetterman and Brown had each a revolver-shot in the left temple, and it was surmised that, in pursuance of an oft-repeated resolve, these two brave men, finding all hope gone, had died each by the other's hand rather than undergo the horrible tortures and lingering death to which they knew they would be subjected by their savage captors. All the signs of desperate resistance were there; but, alas! it was evident that no amount of valor could have saved them. Pools of blood on the roads and sides of the adjacent slopes showed where the Indians had bled, fatally no doubt; but they left no bodies. Two citizens happened to be in the garrison armed with "Henry rifles." This well-known repeater was at that time a novelty on the plains. So formidable was the weapon that these two men felt "invincible," as Colonel Carrington expresses it. They went out as volunteers with Colonel Fetterman, and appear to

have taken, apart from the troops, a position in which they fought and died together. Their bodies were surrounded by the cartridge-shells which had fallen from their trusty rifles. The revenge visited upon their remains by the savages told how destructive their fire had been. One of the naked bodies contained as many as a hundred and five arrows.*

The mutilations inflicted by the Indians upon the heroic victims of this sad affair were horrible to a degree seldom known even in such atrocities. Eyes torn out and laid on the rocks; noses, ears, chins, hands, feet cut off; teeth chopped out; every possible form of mutilation and torture that could be imagined by savages who have a genius for inventions of that description was practised. The bodies were gathered together by their companions and buried where they fell. Thus perished gallant men in the prime of life, full of vigor and of hope. While records,

* This shooting of arrows into the body is mostly done by boys after the battle has ended and the bodies have been stripped.

medals, monuments, and memory last their services and sad fate will not be forgotten by their country.

# "Forty Degrees below Zero."

"O my son!
The ostentatious virtues which still press
For notice and for praise; the brilliant deeds
Which live but in the eyes of observation—
These have their meed at once; but there's a joy
To the fond votaries of fame unknown:
To hear the still, small voice of conscience speak
Its whispering plaudits to the silent soul."

THERE are countries, whose soldiers lead lives of wild excitement and adventure during the short period of war, and of safety, indolence, and monotony through the long years of peace. We are always at war with "bad" Indians, and as the dead Indian is said to be the only *good* one, there is no prospect of early peace and safety for our troops. The ordinary duties in the far West, though without glory, are attended with dangers and sufferings no less terrible and

trying than those of the great wars, whose victims receive the unstinted sympathy of their fellow-men, and whose heroes are held up for ever to the admiring gaze of millions. The savage foe, the sudden storm, the pitiless wind, the biting frost, to be encountered every year by the soldier in the far West, call for an aggregate of courage, skill, and fortitude which grand battles do not demand.

It is something of a paradox that, while our troops are on the frontier to protect the civilized from the savage race, some of the most hazardous and arduous enterprises of the army have been against our own people. This sometimes grows out of using the army as an instrument for enforcing treaties made by the Government with the Indians; such, for example, as the treaty by which the Indians were assured that no white men should go into the "Black Hills country."

It was ascertained in the fall of 1874 that miners, tempted to the Black Hills by reports of gold deposits in that re-

gion, had made their arrangements to winter there, and it was resolved by the Government to remove them, using force if necessary. While the Christian world was enjoying the festivities and pleasures of Christmas, 1874, the little band of soldiers at Red Cloud Agency, Dakota, was making hasty preparations for the arduous duty assigned to it. The expedition consisted of one company of cavalry and a lieutenant and fifteen men of infantry, the whole under command of Brevet-Colonel Guy V. Henry, Captain Third United States Cavalry.

The weather was bitter cold. The Indian was not to be feared. He had left the war-path, and, retreating before the common enemy, had found shelter for the season in deep and secret cañons. The pale-face alone was called upon to face the winter storms, and that in pursuit of his own people. Leaving his Christmas dinner behind, he moved promptly and cheerfully. The trail was plain down the White River to Spotted-Tail Agen-

cy, where "Falling Star," a noted Indian guide, was to join and thenceforward conduct the party. But the thermometer was now below zero, and "Falling Star," with that discretion which is said to be the better part of valor, declined the honor and clung to his camp-fire. A substitute was found in a trapper who had been a soldier some twenty years before, and who joined in response to the impress of his early training. Following White River to Mounted Knee Creek, the expedition struck out into the "Mauvais Terres," or Bad Lands, a region which, without intending profanity, has been likened to the hilly parts of hell with the fires put out.

Ash Springs, midway between White River and South Cheyenne, were reached on New Year's eve. There was already much suffering from cold, many being frost-bitten. The thermometer registered 40° below zero, and the lee of the hills afforded the only protection to be found for the night. The next day the command reached its destination, Elk Creek,

on which the offending miners were to have been found; but they were not there. (It was afterwards discovered that they had entered the forbidden lands from quite an opposite direction.) After a thorough and fruitless search the return march was taken up. The suffering from the intense cold was now aggravated by a piercing wind. It fortunately came on their backs. A little cover was found the last night of the return march by camping on the frozen surface of a small lake fringed with brush. The next day the wind changed to their front and the driving grains of ice beat in their faces. Freezing and starving, men and horses toiled on step by step, the soldiers of most endurance and strength arousing and dragging the weaker ones, who, from time to time, showed that they were falling into freezing drowsiness and languor. Fatigued, almost worn out, to halt was certain death. The only hope of safety lay in struggling on. Many no longer felt the cold. The painful, stinging bite of

the frost had been succeeded by the more solid freezing which drives the blood rapidly to the centre and produces that warm, delightful, drowsy sensation, the forerunner of danger and death.

With indomitable courage and resolution, and with unerring judgment, the officers and the sergeants seized in time the most dangerous cases and lashed them to their saddles, so that they might not fall asleep by the wayside. The situation was desperate, almost hopeless. Shelter was known to be not far away; but human nature was exhausted, and the mind at last became as powerless to plan as the body was to execute. The only hope of safety was in the instinct and endurance of the horses. The order to "gallop" was given; where, the commander himself hardly knew; but the faithful animals, with their stiffened riders, went straight into the eye of the relentless storm at the best pace they could, and stopped only when they reached what seemed to be the gate of Paradise—a ranche inhabited by a white

man and a squaw, a blazing fire within and a pile of wood without. The helpless were quickly and carefully removed from their saddles. The horses were corralled, and then began that horrible process of thawing out. Hands, feet, cheeks, ears, noses, and, in some cases, other extremities were badly frozen. Snow and kerosene were the only remedies at hand for the frozen parts. The cold was still so intense that the owners of the ranche considered it a risk to go out for wood, and it was with difficulty that freezing was prevented among the large party after they were all under cover.

The post was not far distant, and in due time wagons were sent to haul the sufferers back to their stations. Weeks and months of agony and helplessness followed; many, in fact, can never be well again. The nervous system was in some cases shocked beyond recovery. Finger and toe nails dropped off, and the frozen flesh decayed and sloughed away, exposing the bones. Some of Colonel Henry's

fingers were amputated, and for two months he was unable to make any use of his hands—having to be fed, dressed, etc.—and fifteen months after the occurrence his fingers had not all healed.

It has been the purpose in the foregoing account to give simply a general recital of facts, and not to point cases of special heroism or sacrifice, of which there doubtless were many. The consciousness of duty done according to orders is the reward alike of all the party, from the highest to the lowest.

One of the ablest, most interesting and instructive of recent publications, Colonel Dodge's work called "The Plains of the Far West," speaking of this expedition, says: "The recent sufferings of a command sent into the Black Hills are fresh in the minds of all. It is easy, seated in a comfortable office, to give orders for a winter campaign or movement of troops on the plains; but it usually means death to somebody. This is, of course, a part of the soldier's bargain, and it is the pride

of our soldiers to obey orders, whether they lead to death by the cold of a plains storm or by the heat of the Indian stake. But such men deserve that there shall always be a necessity."

# "Bison."

"Man's a strange animal and makes
Strange use of his own nature."

—Byron.

WHEN the country was startled in 1876 by the exploits of "Sitting Bull," many wild rumors about the education of that distinguished Indian chief were set afloat; one of them made him a graduate of the United States Military Academy. It is quite possible the story resulted from confounding "Bull" with "Bison."

A young man from Western Missouri reported as a cadet at West Point in 1844. His character, as it rapidly developed, harmonized with his personal appearance, and, taken together, they suggested for him the appropriate nickname of "Bison." He was a full-grown man, having a large

head covered with bushy, uncombed hair; a square face; low, rectangular forehead; small, deep-set, piercing eyes; straight, short nose and heavy jaw; a bull neck rising out of broad and massive shoulders; a long body tapering downward to the hips, and short, stout arms and legs. He was as suggestive of the American bison as a man could be. As uncultivated as he was uncouth, he was yet gifted with more than ordinary talent, and not only passed the examination for admission as a cadet, but remained at the Academy the entire term of four years, and mastered every course of instruction. In character, however, he was from first to last a wild animal. Tamed a little by the restraint of the Academy and the manifest advantages which were open to him, the reckless strain in his blood, breaking forth from time to time, subjected him to frequent punishments and kept him on the verge of dismissal. As a penalty for assaulting a superior officer, he was deprived of the furlough given to his classmates

at the end of their second year. This loss of two months' coveted liberty was a peculiarly severe punishment and made him more desperate.

Destitute of personal fear and under no moral restraint, his animal passions were curbed only to escape detection and dismissal. He became a terror to the neighboring village, which he visited by stealth with a cunning that seemed more than human. Careful matrons learned to bar their doors against him, and, like the clucking hens, gathered their broods beneath their wings at his approach. Despite all precaution, however, while still a cadet he succeeded in entrapping a young woman to ruin through a mock marriage, and this without discovery until long after he had left her and West Point. At the graduating examination, although proficient in the various branches of instruction, his sins were heavier than he could bear. He was pronounced deficient in conduct, denied a diploma, and dismissed from the service.

A year or two after this the city of Galveston, Texas, was aroused by the discovery that a law student had, under promise of marriage, shamefully deceived and wronged a young lady of most respectable family. Her uncle, pistol in hand, found the student in his office, and demanded immediate signature to a paper already prepared and a prompt fulfilment of the marriage vows. The student calmed the outraged uncle, promised everything, unlocked his desk for a pen with which to sign, but quickly brought out a revolver instead, and, holding it at the uncle's head, drove him with jeers and curses from the room. This was the end of "Bison's" law studies. He knew Texas too well to wait the appearance of Judge Lynch, and fled on the instant, finding safety among the Indians and outlaws on the northern frontier of the State. It is probably through this part of his history that he has been confounded with "Sitting Bull." How long he remained with the Indians, or what he did, is not

fully known; but incidents have come to light showing that the devil within him would not be controlled, and that he "fell upon whate'er was offered, like a priest, a shark, an alderman, or pike."

While one of the Pacific Mail steamships was making her regular voyage from Panama to San Francisco, having touched at Acapulco, a strange man all of a sudden appeared on deck. When questioned he would not tell when, where, or under what circumstances he got aboard, but claimed to be an officer of the army, and tried to identify himself in that character. This failed, and, having no money, he was called upon to work his passage. He flatly refused, and defied the captain when he undertook to enforce his orders. A fight ensued, in which the entire ship's crew was on one side and "Bison" alone on the other. The match for a time did not seem unequal, but was finally settled by one of the sailors, armed with a handspike, getting behind and felling "Bison" to the deck by a blow on the head.

Stunned and bleeding, he was still so dangerous that they put him in irons; and when the ship ran near the shore along the coast of Lower California, his shackles were removed and he was sent off in a small boat to be cast adrift in a desolate region, friendless, penniless, breadless. He would not wait to be landed. When within two or three hundred yards of the shore he sprang from the boat and swam away to land. His next appearance was as a herder on one of the large stock ranches in southern California, where he soon engaged the affections of the owner's daughter. The father, however, it seems, discovered the affair in time and ran the "Bison" off, and he made his way to San Francisco, at that time the paradise of men of his stamp. Friendless and homeless, he found shelter in the narrow space, not wide enough for an alley, between the walls of two houses. This he in time boarded over and converted into a den, and, strange to say, he found a companion to share it with him.

Muscle, of which he had plenty, made gold in those days, and working on the wharves, piling lumber, etc., paid well enough. He was soon pre-eminent among the vicious characters then abounding in California. His talent and education added to his capacity as a leader in vice; and his influence and acquaintance were not limited to San Francisco, but soon extended among his class over the State, and he was said to have been a member of Jauquin's band of robbers. About this time he began a desperate struggle with the most dangerous of foes. Heretofore he had only sparred pleasantly with King Alcohol. Now they stripped off the gloves and began in earnest. After drinking all of one evening with a companion the two left the saloon together. His companion was soon after found in a dark alley, murdered, and "Bison" fled.

Arizona was at that time one of the most remote, unattractive, and unfrequented regions in the United States. The few troops there watching and pursu-

ing the Apaches were largely dependent for success upon their guides. "Bison" offered himself in this capacity. Although he had seen but little of the country, he possessed in a remarkable degree that instinct which is the principal element in the character of a guide. His career in this field was, as usual, one of adventure and danger, and finally ended in death from disease, or, as some believed (from supposed treachery), at the hands of the Apaches, whom he had joined as a friend. Adapting a fugitive couplet:

"Washington, Bison, Bull, and St. Paul,
God in his wisdom created them all."

# "Outnumbered but not Outdone."

"A charming picture. It is good
To look upon a chief like this,
In whom the spirit moulds the form,
Where favoring nature, oft remiss,
With eagle vision expressive, has endued
A man to kindle strains that warm."

THE two years of Fort Phil. Kearney's existence—from July 13, 1866, to July 31, 1868—were passed by its garrison in a fight for life. The post was in the heart of the enemy's country. The savages were well armed and could feed on the buffalo, to be found in great abundance. The odds were vastly in their favor, and, emboldened by success, especially the defeat and total destruction of Fetterman's command * in the open field, they at times seemed to be on the eve of annihilating our entire force. But

* See "The Fatal Valley," pages 101 to 116

with courage, vigilance, and industry, the troops struggled on from day to day, fighting the foe, and cutting and hauling timber from the pinery, four or five miles away, to build up the post and supply wood for use as fuel. The choppers worked under cover of a surrounding line of skirmishers, and every wagon-train made its weary trip to and fro protected by flankers and an advance and rear guard. The Indians were at home, and, being very numerous, could go and come, threaten, attack, and retire, as suited their convenience. This was in a time of so-called peace. The condition of affairs, which imposed heavy labor and exhausting watchfulness on the troops, afforded the savages the most agreeable pastime. A year of this existence, from July, 1866, to July, 1867, had passed away. That the troops, but few in number, were confined to the defensive was as well understood by the Indians as by the whites. Perhaps this knowledge served to make the former over-confident, and to prepare them for a

lesson they were soon to receive. They either did not know or did not appreciate the fact that, since their complete victory over Fetterman, six months before, the infantry had been armed with breech-loaders, the full effect of which weapon in savage warfare was then unknown.

In the latter part of July, 1867, Captain James Powell, First Lieutenant John C. Jenness, and Company "C," of the Twenty-seventh United States Infantry, were assigned to the duty of guarding the choppers in the pinery. The service was important and hazardous, and was well calculated to test a commander's readiness and fertility in resource, as well as to try his courage and vigilance. Captain Powell found the choppers working in two parties, nearly a mile apart, each with a train of ox-teams in attendance to haul the timber and wood to the fort. The problem was to protect the choppers while at work and the cattle when grazing, and to guard the trains until they came under cover of the fort. The captain at once made his

dispositions. Every man—guards, choppers, drivers, herders, etc.—was told exactly where to go and what to do in case of attack. The wagons were arranged so as to form an irregular circular enclosure, or "*corral*," for defence. The wagon-bodies, fourteen in number, with loop-holes cut in the sides, were taken from the running gear and placed bottom down on the circumference of the circle. The intervals between the ends of the wagon-beds were filled with yokes, tents, grain-sacks, and other things at hand. Two wagons, one loaded with provisions and the other with clothing, were placed on the outside of the enclosure at the weakest points, to give additional strength where most needed. The mountain rose abruptly from the pinery, and its rocky side, within plain view of the corral, afforded excellent defensive positions. These were carefully selected, and the choppers themselves, and the guard immediately on duty, instructed in the use of them, and told to fly there and fight to the last in case of a serious

attack. The captain, a lieutenant, twenty-five soldiers, and five frontiersmen acting as guides, interpreters, etc., held the corral and looked after the general welfare. The first effort of the Indians in making an attack, especially the mounted tribes, is almost invariably to *stampede* the enemy's animals. The temptation to this course seems to be so great that it may be looked upon as their regular opening. If successful it strengthens them in subsequent operations, as the white man is at great disadvantage on the vast plains without beasts of burden. This movement is generally effected without loss; and, if it fails as an attack, it is very likely to pay as a robbery. Stealing animals is not only of substantial importance to the Indians, but plunder and glory are nearly synonymous terms in their vocabulary. It is generally the case, therefore, that the first note of alarm comes from the herders or the pickets in advance of them, and in time for preparation. In this respect the irresistible thieving propensity

of the noble red-man works to our advantage. For three or four days after Captain Powell had established himself everything was quiet and peaceful. Nothing but the noise and stir of his own party disturbed the solitude of the boundless region, in which they seemed to be alone. The dull routine of camp went on day and night without an incident to break the monotony. But never for a moment did the sagacious commander relax in vigilance or readiness. The earliest dawn of those long summer days found his watchful sentinels peering with well-trained eyes into the gray distance for the stealthy movements of the dusky savage. Early in the morning of the 2d of August some half-bent forms were faintly seen by the sentinels over the herd, gliding like spectres along the ravines in the distance. The surprise had already failed. The different parts of the force quietly but promptly assumed their prearranged positions and duties. Hardly had they done so when small bodies of mounted Indians

—the stampeding parties—about sixty in the aggregate, were observed emerging from the ravines some six hundred yards from the corral. Making a charge upon the corral as a feint, they tried to scatter and drive off the herd grazing near the pinery; but the danger had been signalled to all the outlying parties, and the attempt was not only foiled but the Indians were evidently surprised at their reception, and, without a casualty among the troops, retreated with severe loss. As soon as this preliminary operation for seizing the herd was well under way, the savages from another quarter attacked the choppers and their guards, who had taken their positions among the rocks. The herders, who had repulsed the assault upon themselves, rushed to the assistance of their imperilled companions, and Captain Powell, leaving his corral for the moment, deployed his men and covered the movement of the herders until they had safely joined the guards on the mountain side. Four of the soldiers were killed

during this movement. The location of the corral and the positions of the troops among the rocks were wisely chosen, and a rapid and well-directed fire upon the Indians, exposed and mounted as they were, soon drove them off with heavy loss. But they were only repulsed, not defeated. The corral was now to bear the brunt of their fury. Five hundred chosen warriors of the Cheyennes and Arapahoes mounted and formed for the assault. The captain distributed his men about the enclosure, lying down, as far as practicable, in the wagon-beds, which sat on the ground, and covered them with blankets, etc., from the wagon load of clothing which had been brought out for issue. Then they waited for the charge of the five hundred, which was repulsed more promptly and effectually than the most confident had even dared to hope it would be. But this seemed to be only the effort of the enemy's forlorn hope, intended to draw the fire of the troops and make them spend their ammunition.

The real attack was in preparation. The warriors for it were seen in the distance, three thousand in number, swarming over the hills and valleys, and finding their places in the wild and desperate cavalcade. Captain Powell made the most of the little time left him before the impending crash. More blankets and clothing were quickly snatched from the wagon in which they were loaded, and were stuffed into the openings in the ingenious parapet, and were placed in thick folds to protect the men as they lay in the wagon-beds. All of the weapons and tools, guns, pistols, axes, hatchets, hammers, spades, etc., which could in any emergency be used for offence or defence, were promptly distributed among the men. But few words were spoken, yet all felt that every man in the corral had made a resolve, more binding than any oath, to fight to the last.

The unuttered pledge was well kept. The column of attack, some fifteen hundred mounted warriors, advancing with wild yells, charged at full speed upon the

little band behind the rude intrenchment. The dauntless few were ready. A most destructive fire was opened as soon as the column was within easy range, and was kept up with a rapidity and accuracy absolutely appalling to the foe. He staggered, stopped, and fell back in confusion. But not realizing the power of the breech-loader when amply supplied with ammunition, the column reformed and renewed the charge within two or three minutes, only, however, to meet with a more disastrous repulse.

Then, broken and dispirited, but gathering up and carrying their dead, they sought shelter in the timber. The experiment of riding their ponies over the breastworks had failed.

Their next move was to advance about fifty sharpshooters armed with rifles taken from the troops in the Fetterman massacre. These crawled up the ravines, holding before them bunches of grass like gabions; but they found more than their match in this species of warfare. The men

in the wagon-beds saw through the thin disguise and rapidly picked them off. While this was going on, the main body of the Indians had dismounted, left their horses in the woods, and to the number of two thousand, led by a nephew of the famous Red Cloud, advanced to the attack on foot and entirely naked. Their close line, in the shape of a horse-shoe, came forward at a walk to within five hundred yards of the corral; then, taking up a slow run, they came within ten paces of the stronghold before they yielded to the volleys which were poured into them. Baffled and dismayed, again they turned and fled, their leader and many of his followers having fallen dead upon the field. Their fire, though rapid, had generally passed over the beleaguered party and had done but little harm. Lieutenant Jenness, however, and one private, who had risen up in the corral, notwithstanding repeated injunctions, and thus needlessly though gallantly exposed themselves to the enemy's fire, had been killed,

The despondent savages had gone far out of range to hold a "talk." A new form of attack was the result. About three hundred of them had formed into detachments of eight or ten each, and advanced at intervals of about twenty paces, uttering a weird and curious chant. The first volley, fired when they were within two hundred yards of the corral, checked and dispersed them. This was evidently a feint. The real attack came from the opposite and an entirely new direction. Fortunately, it was discovered in time. The Indians engaged in it sprang from the ground as if by magic and rushed desperately forward. But there was no lack of vigilance, readiness, skill, courage, and ammunition in the charmed circle.

The cunningly-conceived and daringly-executed assault was met and repelled as all of the preceding ones had been. An interval of fifteen or twenty minutes followed, during which the Indians were heard chanting in the distance. They were making "good medicine" for a final

effort. Taking advantage of their great numbers, they organized an assault by detached columns, advancing simultaneously from all directions. But these various modifications in the mode of attack produced no change in the character and vigor of the defence. The besieged, cool and confident, clung to their intrenchments, rifles in hand, and with eyes fixed upon the approaching foe. The aim was unerring, and the fire, though distributed around the circle, was rapid and merciless. The determined savages struggled forward against it until they were within fifty paces of the enclosure, when one of the parties faltered and broke, and the others quickly retired.

During the entire fight well-posted Indians, apparently assigned especially to that duty, had kept up a continuous fire of burning arrows upon the corral. They totally failed to start a blaze, and there was nothing explosive to reach; but the charred arrows found embedded in the piles of clothing and sticking in the

wagon-bodies after the struggle had ended showed how nearly successful these dangerous efforts had been.

But the agony was nearly over. Succor was at hand. Like the loud slogan of the Campbells at the memorable siege of Lucknow, the sound of a field-piece came floating on the air from the direction of the Fort. Its meaning was promptly interpreted by besiegers and besieged. The undaunted little band in the corral were about to spring to their feet when the wary captain bade them lie still, but to respond at once to the welcome signal by a ringing cheer. The "three times three" which they sent forth can only issue from throats of men to whom relief comes after long hours of silent death-struggles with their fellow-men. Their cheers, piercing with terror the hearts of the savage hordes, travelled gladly on until they answered the greeting of the loud cannon. The Indians, so often beaten back and discouraged, were completely demoralized by the appearance of this new danger. Hur-

rying away their dead and wounded, they hastily withdrew, and thus terminated one of the most desperate conflicts which has ever occurred between the white man and the savage. The latter greatly outnumbered the former, the relative strength of the contending forces being about as a hundred to one. There was skill as well as bravery on both sides. The advantages of the whites—beyond the *morale* due to civilization and higher intelligence—arose from their perfect coolness, their breech-loading arms, and their intrenchments. It is one of the anomalies in Indian character, generally speaking, that while these people instinctively seize every natural feature which will afford cover in a field of battle, they have not the least aptitude either in constructing or attacking artificial defences. A fight in which there is no chance to run away is neither attractive nor honorable in their sight. They have often tried to draw our troops from their breastworks by taunts of cowardice and challenges to the open field.

In his official report, made soon after this fight, Captain Powell gave the Indian loss at sixty killed and a hundred severely wounded; but this estimate was much too low. The facts which have since come to light have enabled the captain and the frontiersmen who were with him to present more accurate figures, showing that there were about three hundred killed and as many wounded. The troops lost Lieutenant Jenness and five enlisted men killed and two enlisted men wounded.

In the official order publishing the details of this fight the conduct of the troops was pleasingly referred to. The department commander said: "Major Powell, by his coolness and firmness in this most creditable affair, has shown what a few determined men can effect with good arms and strong hearts, even with such temporary defensive arrangements as are almost always at hand, and that it is always safer, leaving out the questions of duty and professional honor, to stand and fight Indians than to retreat from them."

Of Lieutenant Jenness it was recorded that he "fell while affording to his men a fine example of coolness and daring."

This occurrence, although a crushing defeat to the Indians, no doubt contributed to the accomplishment of their purpose of forcing our withdrawal from Forts Phil. Kearney and C. F. Smith. Both these posts were abandoned at the end of the following July, and the natives were left masters of vast regions over which our troops have since been compelled to make arduous and bloody campaigns.

The principal actor in the heroic defence above recounted deserves more than a passing notice, and we feel our task would be incomplete were we to close without adverting to him. Captain Powell entered the army as a private soldier prior to the opening of our late civil war. Soon after the commencement of the war, being then a sergeant of the First Dragoons, he was appointed a second lieutenant in the Eighteenth Infantry, was promoted first lieutenant in 1861 and captain in 1864,

and in 1868 was placed upon the retired list of the army, being incapacitated for active service, the result of gun-shot wounds received at the battle of Jonesboro, Georgia, on the 1st of September, 1864. He received the brevet of captain in 1863 for gallant and meritorious services during the Atlanta campaign and at the battle of Jonesboro, Georgia; was brevetted a major September 1, 1864, for gallant services at Chickamauga, and lieutenant-colonel August 2, 1867, for gallant conduct in fight with Indians on that date near Fort Phil. Kearney. This last brevet was the reward for the bravery and endurance recounted in the foregoing narrative. It is a remarkable illustration of the courage and endurance of this brave soldier that, while he was fighting against overwhelming numbers of savage Indians on the 2d of August, 1867, he was then a sufferer from wounds received in battle in September, 1864, and which ultimately necessitated his retirement from the career he loved so well. Honor to whom honor

is due. Our hero's comrades fully and cheerfully bear tribute to his deeds of heroism, and point to him as a living example of what can be achieved by the soldier of steadfast qualities and courage.

# "Bill and Dan."

MANY strange incidents come under the observation of our army officers while serving on the Western frontiers. The monotony of garrison life is often relieved by the appearance at the post of natives or pilgrims to the far West. The agreeable variety generally receives a warm welcome, and questions eagerly pass from one to another as to what is taking place in each one's world. The following incidents are gleaned from the sources referred to.

Bill and Dan were whole-souled, industrious, sensible brothers, devoted to each other with more than ordinary affection. Their early lives had been one continued struggle for daily bread. With strong common sense, they had no education, not being able even to read or write. Like

many others, finding no chance of success in their native town, they started with an ox-team to the land of gold—California. In due time they reached their destination, and soon their sterling qualities and perseverance bore golden fruit. Slowly but surely their "pile" grew larger, and when it amounted to about a hundred thousand dollars they began to find it necessary to have some one who could keep their accounts, having so far attended to such matters themselves in a hap-hazard sort of a way. They cast about for a suitable partner, and, having found what they deemed the right man, he was admitted into the firm. The new partner was not only an educated man but smart and dishonest. The confidence which secured his admission soon ripened into implicit faith, and the whole business fell under his administration. This traitor and thief falsified the accounts, and, by abuse of signatures to blanks entrusted to him, swindled the unfortunate brothers out of the larger part of their hard-earned

savings, and then absconded. This so thoroughly disgusted Bill and Dan with both education and "business" that, taking what money remained to them, they devoted themselves exclusively to the care of their cattle and sheep in Oregon, persistently declining all assistance and all companions, except a faithful and devoted Indian boy some fourteen years of age. Soon this life of exclusion and monotony became wearisome, and, in a desire for change, the brothers gathered together their flocks and herds—eighteen hundred sheep, some cattle and mules, and a few horses—and, carrying with them all their money (about sixty-two hundred dollars in twenty-dollar gold-pieces), they started for California, driving their herds before them, and accompanied only by the Indian boy. Finding no suitable abiding-place, they continued their journey to the south and east until they entered the deserts of Arizona. There the lack of water and grass, with the hardships incident to their long march, rendered help

necessary in the care of the stock. They deliberated for a long time as to whether they should hire some one to assist them, and, with many misgivings, finally resolved to trust once more and take a new hand. He came to them well recommended, but, alas! turned out a counterpart of their first venture in the way of partnership, and before getting out of the Territory he succeeded in stealing and escaping with all their gold. Much time was spent in fruitless efforts to capture him, but without success. However, long after they had abandoned the pursuit and resumed their wanderings the rascal was taken by the civil authorities, but, strange to say, was released, having secured clemency, perhaps, by dividing the stolen money. But, as if by the special intervention of a higher power, he was not permitted long to enjoy his ill-gotten gains. He was soon after the occurrence killed by some of his own kind in a drunken brawl. Bill and Dan, however, recovered nothing.

Henceforth the unfortunate pair trusted only each other and the Indian boy. Late in the summer of 1876 they reached the Canadian River, in what is known as the Pan-handle of Texas, a region frequented by bad characters. Here the brothers pitched their tents. They were quiet and fearless, injured no one, in fact knew no one, and gave no cause for offence. They had, it is true, an innate feeling of dislike and contempt for Mexicans—"Greasers," as they are called—which subsequent events suggest may have unwittingly shown itself. They lived simply and peaceably, taking turns in watching their herds and in the necessary duties of the camp. They had journeyed long to get away from the land of their misfortunes, and congratulated themselves that they had now secured a haven of rest and left all enemies and troubles behind. The Fates, however, had willed it otherwise. One day, early in the winter of 1876, when it was Dan's turn in camp and Bill's out with the

stock, the latter was walking quietly through the woods, unconscious of a foe or danger; a Mexican desperado, lurking in the bushes, slipped up behind and shot him in the back, killing him instantly. The wretch then turned towards the camp. On the way he met a Mexican acquaintance, told him what he had just done, and ordered *him* to go at once to the camp and kill the other brother (Dan). Afraid to refuse, the poltroon consented, but, before reaching his destination, turned away and went to a Mexican house in the vicinity frequented by this class, and related what had occurred. The desperado, suspecting that his villanous order would not be executed, went himself to see to it. Dan and the boy, sitting by the camp-fire, ignorant of the bloody deed and wholly unsuspicious, greeted the bravo kindly and invited him to dismount. This he declined, but asked the favor of a brand from the embers to light his cigarette. Dan stooped to get it, when the fiend shot him through

the back of the head and then deliberately murdered the boy. Having accomplished this, he rode with perfect coolness to the Mexican house and told the story of the triple murder. Among the men in the house was the one who had disobeyed his order. To escape discovery and the dreaded vengeance of the displeased monster, this man hid himself in the bed. But the villain's search finally disclosed the trembling victim, and, stripping off the covers, he drew his pistol to shoot the begging coward. But his villany now met its just reward. He had become too dangerous even for his own comrades. Just as he was about to fire his arm was knocked up by one of the bystanders, a knife was thrust into his ribs by another, and a blow with a chair from a third settled his fate. Now that the bully was on the defensive and at a disadvantage, the more timid rushed in and soon despatched him with their weapons.

Such was the tragic fate of two brave and faithful brothers. In their lives they

were true and constant to each other, and in death they were not divided. Having been such a short time in their new home, no one had become much acquainted with them. They were known only as Bill and Dan to the few who had come across them. Their flocks and herds, left without a shepherd, wandered far and near, and it was a long time before any one could ascertain even the names of their ill-fated owners.

## By Curses the Apache.

A SCOUTING party in the Rocky Mountains observed a mounted squaw in the distance. The papoose on her back was as motionless as the woman and pony, all appearing to be in a doze. But this was a shrewd and watchful sentinel, and, without apparent motion or sound, she reported to others the presence of strangers. A horseman was soon seen passing through the woods, and, striking the trail in front, came galloping back, called a halt, and introduced himself as Colonel Pfeiffer, an old soldier, frontiersman, and guide. The friendly Indians among whom he lived had kept him for weeks fully informed of the movements of the scouting party, and had even given him the name and rank of the officer in charge. His appearance was to offer wel-

come. He led the way to the cabin which he had recently completed a few miles deeper in the forest. Building a second house is an event with the pioneer, and the advantages of this one were pointed out with evident pride and pleasure. Instead of having but a single room, this modern structure consisted of "two pens and a passage," with a roof over the whole. The only tools used in constructing the house and making the furniture for it were an axe, an auger, and a hand-saw. The mud fireplace in the *corner* instead of the end of the kitchen showed that the Mexican influence had been at work, and it soon appeared that the wife, whose murder is narrated further on, was a native of New Mexico. Poles across the passage as racks for saddles, robes, etc., benches for seats, a section of a large pine-tree like a butcher's block as a table, with a raised platform of poles, one end supported in the wall, as a bedstead, were improvements which the colonel pointed out as making his new residence far more

convenient than the old one. A bearskin, hanging at full length in the end of one room, covered a door leading into the store-house, which contained sacks of flour on one side and sacks of beans on the other, with a few bags of salt—the supply for the year. The colonel remarked that he was a poor bread-maker, and, having had beans for thirty years, he was beginning to get tired of them, which he feared would soon deprive him of that variety in food which health requires. In fact, he already complained, and said if the guest had any pills he would be very thankful for a few doses. He did not seem to care what effect they were designed to produce. He simply wanted medicine. Fortunately for him, there were no pills. Pipes and tobacco, however, were furnished in lieu of pills. The veteran pioneer, as he smoked, related incidents in his adventurous life, most of which had long before formed the subjects of official reports to the Government. He was not only a fellow-frontiersman, but for a time a brother soldier, of the celebrated

Kit Carson. While they were stationed together once at Fort Garland, Colorado, Kit, as commanding officer, had made an order that no liquor should be sold. When he returned to the post after an absence of a couple of hours one afternoon, he found that Captain Pfeiffer had assumed command, issued an order permitting the sale of liquor temporarily, and that the sutler's stock of "pisen" had all been distributed, the temporary commander having bought a ten-gallon "cag" for himself. Kit rebuked his subordinate for assumption of authority. The latter only said in explanation that, having no copy of the Army Regulations, he had proceeded according to common sense, and it did seem to him right and reasonable to give the boys a chance at the liquor as soon as the responsibility rested on his shoulders; and that if his superior officer thought the order a bad one he had only to countermand it. The liquor had all been distributed.

One post was not large enough for two

such distinguished and determined characters. Captain Pfeiffer was sent to command Fort McRae, New Mexico. Years of hardship and exposure, sleeping generally on the ground, and often in the rain and snow, had produced rheumatic pains, from which he was a constant sufferer. Certain hot springs near the Fort had frequently given him relief in early days, and while in command he resolved to try them again. The Apache Indians, always treacherous and dangerous, were at this time his deadliest foes. With a guard of six chosen men, and accompanied by his wife, an Indian girl, and a company laundress, the captain one morning pitched his tent near the "Ojo Caliente," or warm springs, only eight miles distant from the Fort. A stealthy body of Apaches had watched every movement, but a thorough reconnoissance failed to discover any trace of an enemy, and the party went into camp with a feeling of security. In the afternoon the three women strolled away together be-

yond the springs, and the captain went into the bathing-pool, a hundred yards or so from the tents, first taking the precaution to post two trusty sentinels to keep watch while he was in the bath. Neglecting the experience of a lifetime, he failed to take his rifle with him. While in the water he heard the crack of rifles, and started up to see his two sentinels fall, each shot through the head. The Apaches had already captured the three women, and were approaching, each woman being pushed along as a shield in front of an Indian. Naked as he was, the captain, wounded as he ran, flew to his tent and seized his rifle. The camp was surprised, and, being sharply fired upon by the enemy, was demoralized. The leader alone, calm and desperate, faced the savage foe. Calling aloud in English to his wife, who was held in front of the chief, to fall to the ground, he lodged a bullet in the Indian's brain as she did so. Then, hoping to gain and cross the river, which was near, and thus improve his chances for

combat and escape, he turned to flee, when he was pierced through the side with an arrow. Continuing his flight, he was pursued only by a single Indian. The others, probably thinking his wounds fatal, did not doubt that the one savage could destroy him, and so went hastily to plundering the camp. Weakened by the loss of blood, the fugitive was overtaken. Turning suddenly, he grappled the pursuer, threw him to the ground, and, in the death-struggle which ensued, succeeded in wrenching a knife from the savage's hand and despatching him with it. The river was crossed; the naked, bleeding, and half-crazed victim continued his flight, lacerated by thorns and stones, until he fell fainting in the brush. The direful news was carried to the Fort by those who escaped. There was mounting in hot haste, and a rapid pursuit. The savages were twenty miles away before the cavalrymen drew near them. Then, finding they could not make good their escape with the plunder and the prisoners, the fiends

resolved to shoot and abandon the latter. The bodies of the three women, pierced by bullets, were found, one after the other, on the trail of the fugitives. Life was not yet extinct. They were borne tenderly back to the Fort by the sorrowing troopers. The laundress alone recovered to tell the sad story. Tracked to the river by his blood, a search beyond revealed the wounded and fainting frontiersman, who lived to relate these events years after their occurrence, and to curse the Apaches. Old and alone in his cabin among the Utes, his existence appears a dreary one. But the hardy frontiersman has interests and pleasures of which the dwellers in cities know nothing. Privation and exposure are his pastime; danger is merely a welcome excitement. To his indomitable energy and pluck, and to the services and sacrifices of our little army, do we owe the opening up of the vast Western territory with its countless treasures.

# "A Man-Trap."

TREACHERY, whether natural or learned from the whites, seems now to be a fixed feature in the Indian's character. Even when receiving bounty from the hands of the Government he is very generally plotting the destruction of the agents entrusted with its distribution. The following is a striking evidence of this trait.

A large body of Sioux Indians, composed of the bands of Brulés, Ogalallas, and Minneconjoux, had been encamped for several days prior to the 19th of August, 1854, in the vicinity of Fort Laramie, Wyoming Territory, awaiting the arrival of the Indian agent charged with the distribution of their annuities. On the 18th of August an ox, belonging to some Mormon emigrants also encamped near Fort Lara-

mie, was stolen and killed by one of the Indians. The owner of the ox complained of this transaction to the commander of the fort, and almost at the same time a Sioux leader, called "The Bear," chief of the Brulé band, reported the occurrence to the commandant. He stated that the offender was a Minneconjou, residing temporarily in the Brulé camp, and suggested that a detachment of soldiers be sent to the camp to demand his surrender, saying he had no doubt the demand would be readily complied with. The suggestion was adopted, and on the 19th of August Brevet Second Lieutenant John L. Grattan, Sixth United States Infantry, with a detachment of twenty-nine men of Company G of that regiment, riding in a wagon and armed as infantry, but taking in addition a twelve-pounder howitzer and a mountain howitzer drawn by mules, was directed to bring in the marauding Indian, being cautioned, however, not to incur unnecessary risk in so doing.

To get to the Brulé camp it was necessary to pass the camps of the Ogallallas and Minneconjoux. As the troops neared the first camp Lieutenant Grattan, as a precautionary measure, directed his men to load their pieces, but not to cap them (these were the days of muzzle-loaders); and after proceeding a little further, when within a short distance of the Brulé camp, he halted his command and loaded his two pieces of artillery, to one of which he acted as gunner until he fell dead beside it. He then informed his men of the nature of the service required of them, and gave special instructions as to their conduct. On reaching the edge of the camp he sent for "The Bear," so as to avail himself of his authority and influence in securing the offender. A bitter feeling existed between the Indians and the interpreter who accompanied the troops, and unfortunately this important functionary was drunk and particularly offensive on this occasion. "The Bear" came in obedience to the summons, but in pursuance

of his plot, or aggravated by the threats of the interpreter, and finding he could not control his young men, he refused to deliver up the accused Minneconjou, telling Lieutenant Grattan that if he must have him to go and take him. This challenge fixed the lieutenant's determination not to be balked, and he resolved to take the insulting chief at his word. It was a significant circumstance that, although the offender was a Minneconjou, his lodge was not only in the Brulé camp, but was adjoining "The Bear's" lodge in the centre of the encampment. The lieutenant dismounted from his horse, and, taking his position as gunner to the twelve-pounder howitzer, led the way into the hostile camp, the mountain howitzer and the infantry following. Old Indian traders whose stores were adjoining the camp saw the trouble brewing, but were unable to avert it or bring about an understanding between the whites and the Indians. From the time the troops entered the camp the young braves were seen to slip

out of their lodges with their guns, bows, and arrows, and conceal themselves in the surrounding bushes and below the bank of the river on which the camp was situated. There were not less than fifteen hundred warriors present, but the period was one of comparative peace, and the lieutenant proceeded, no doubt, upon the presumption that he had only to assert the vim and majesty of his Government for the arrest of an acknowledged offender; and so he went into something worse, if possible, than an ambuscade—it was a perfect man-trap.

The older Indians were clamorous for delay, thereby indicating either the difficulty they had in restraining their young men or the existence of a plot to give the warriors ample time to get ready. Lieutenant Grattan was undaunted, and determined to bring the matter to an immediate issue by submitting the alternative of an instant surrender of the Minneconjou or commencement of hostilities against the Brulés. Having pre-

sented his ultimatum, "The Bear," with whom he stood face to face, turned and walked sulkily away. The traders, who were observing the scene from the roof of the store hard by, heard the sharp sound of musketry and saw the flight of arrows, and then the heavy report of each howitzer came out upon the air. Lieutenant Grattan and part of his men were lying dead by the guns, and the remainder were trying to fight their way through the swarms of enraged savages, who surrounded and rushed upon them with knives in their hands. All of this was taken in at the first glance. In a minute or so more the last white man in the party had been slain, nearly all falling by arrows or knives. The single round fired by the troops had passed over the Indians, who were lying flat on the ground, the only effect being to inflict three wounds on "The Bear," and one each on two or three other Indians who happened to be exposed.

The Indians, glutted with blood and in-

toxicated with their success, plundered the agent's store and the trading establishments; but the lives of the traders were spared through the intercession of some of the Indians with whom they were connected by marriage. The savages then resolved to attack the Fort, which they knew to be much weakened by the slaughter of Lieutenant Grattan's detachment and the loss of the two howitzers, which had been a great terror to the savages. The counsel of the older warriors, however, prevailed, and they abandoned their design, but immediately moved their camps across the North Platte River, and then for two days indulged in the general license which the successful butchery permitted. Some of the Indians proposed to kill the traders, and thus destroy all the whites within reach; but others, with rare friendliness and gallantry, came to the rescue and saved them at the risk of their own lives.

Another very unusual phase of Indian character appeared. In wandering over the battle-field an Indian, about twelve at

night, found the body of a soldier in which there was yet life. He raised and took the man to the trader's store, reaching there just as the dispute above mentioned was over. The unfriendly Indians proposed to kill the wounded soldier at once; but the Indian who had brought him in stood over his body and said: "If you kill this soldier you must kill me, for I shall die with him." It was, however, not safe for the poor victim to remain in the house, and his Indian friend escorted him for a mile and a half on the road to the Fort, some eight miles distant; but the poor sufferer, weak and bewildered, wandered back to the trading-house, which by an accession of hostile Indians was made more unsafe than when he left it. He was concealed in the bushes, from which he soon emerged again, and was then hidden in an old out-house until one of the white men mounted and, taking the soldier up behind, rode with him to the Fort. But these kind efforts only prolonged for a short time the life of

the last survivor. He lingered in great agony for a couple of days, giving from time to time fragmentary and almost incoherent accounts of the dreadful catastrophe, and then passed on to join the rest of his comrades beyond the grave.

As the massacre was complete, but little can be told of the manner in which the gallant soldiers fought against the overwhelming foe. They died as soldiers should, upholding to the last the honor of their country and their profession.

# A Daring Plunge.

"Daily toil, untended pain, danger over by,
Ah! how many here have lain down like you to die;
Simply done your soldier's part through long months of woe,
All endured with soldier's heart—battle, famine, snow."

IN the month of December, 1870, Lieutenant H. B. Mellen, of the Sixth United States Cavalry, stationed at Camp Wichita, received orders to repair to Fort Richardson, Texas, for duty as a member of a general court-martial. The duty required a long ride across a dreary country infested by roving bands of Kiowas and Comanches. The weather, even for the season of the year, was extremely cold. Filling his haversack with food, his pouch with cartridges, and buckling on his revolvers, the lieutenant mounted his horse, and, without escort or guide, quite alone, pursued his solitary

ride all day. As evening drew on he came to a river, swollen with icy floods, which could only be crossed by swimming. He rode to the verge of the full stream. His intelligent steed calmly surveyed the situation. Extending his forelegs, he planted his front feet on the precipitous edge, lowered his head until his nose touched and tested the velocity and temperature of the rushing water, then straightened up, and, taking a long breath which made the saddle creak, he stood motionless, awaiting the verdict. Hesitation or delay would only have increased the risk, so the rider, patting his horse kindly on the neck, closed his knees tightly, raised the bridle hand, and, with a touch of the spur and a word of encouragement, plunged daringly into the chilling stream. Out of sight for a moment below the turbid waters, the horse arose bearing his rider, and, with a shake of the head, blowing the water from his nostrils and breathing aloud, the noble animal struck out bravely for the opposite

shore. As he struggled to ascend the slippery bank, the treacherous mud under his feet gave way, and, toppling over, horse and rider fell back into the river.

The lieutenant was cumbered with his revolvers, ammunition, overcoat, and top-boots. He had the presence of mind to realize that his best chance for safety was to husband his strength and drift with the stream. His horse followed him closely. At length, chilled and exhausted, a sudden bend of the river enabled him through a great effort to grasp a friendly shrub on the bank, and by its aid he drew himself to shore, which was no sooner reached than he became insensible. He remained unconscious until far into the night. Then, recovering, he found his faithful horse standing—a patient sentinel—at his side. He endeavored to rise, but his feet were frozen in his boots, and his legs were benumbed and powerless. He sank to the ground, and, as the hours of torture and of agony dragged slowly on, again and again attempted to mount. But

his efforts were fruitless. The day drew to a close, but no one crossed his path and not a glimpse of succor could be seen. Night again enveloped the sufferer and his patient horse—a sufferer too—and still he was unable to reach the saddle. The pangs of hunger and of thirst were now added to other tortures, and death itself would have been a relief.

The second night and second day were but a repetition of the first, and yet with unsurpassed resolution and endurance the brave lieutenant struggled again and again to mount his steed. For forty-eight hours, without food, drink, or fire, did this heroic struggle continue.

At last, as if the Fates had wearied of their persecution, he succeeded, and soon reached a camp occupied by hunters. Word was promptly sent to Wichita, and an ambulance, with a party including the post surgeon, was at once despatched to bring back their unfortunate comrade. The thermometer at this time marked ten degrees below zero, and several, including

the doctor, were badly frost-bitten before reaching the hunters' camp. The lieutenant, suffering intensely and on the verge of delirium, was conveyed quickly back to the post. Soon after his arrival he became insensible. The news which greeted him when consciousness returned was anything but cheering. His life could only be saved by amputating his right foot at the ankle-joint and by taking off the toes from the left foot. He quietly acquiesced, and the dangerous operation was performed. But it did not end there. The bones of the remaining heel became necrosed, a large ulcer formed which obstinately refused to yield to treatment, and it soon became necessary to amputate the left foot. Thus both feet were finally lost, and a valuable young officer, with promise of a bright career, was doomed to go on crutches for life, and passed from the active to the retired list of the army.

This narrative is not an exaggeration, but "an ower-true tale." The hero of it is still alive, though, like Ben Battle,

having lost his feet, he has been obliged to lay down his arms. Fiction can present no more pathetic incident. The summons to duty at a distant post; the lonely ride; the swollen river; the gallant horse and rider breasting the turbid waters; the sudden slip and the struggle amid the icy waves; the grasp for life; the long, dead blank; the painful awakening to a possible death from those terrible foes, cold and starvation; the heroic efforts to gain the saddle; the agonizing ride, and the final amputation of both feet — all these are actual occurrences growing out of the execution of a simple order in the ordinary routine of the officer's life on the frontier.

When duty calls obedience is the watchword, even if it leads to certain death. Those accustomed to cheerful homes and uneventful lives can form at best but a feeble conception of the hardships undergone by the military pioneers of civilization.

# Modoc Treachery.

"He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again."

ON Good Friday, the 11th of April, 1873, the direful news flashed through the land that the eminent patriot and soldier, Brigadier-General E. R. S. Canby, of the United States Army, had been treacherously murdered by "Modoc" Indians in the "Lava Beds" of Oregon. This victim was one of nature's noblemen. The various elements of his character—composed of the purest and finest materials—were perfectly adjusted. By rare cultivation he had risen above the ordinary weaknesses of human nature, but looked upon them in others, not with the intolerance of bigotry or self-righteousness, but with the smile of compassion and patience. In the profession of arms he was an infalli-

ble guide rather than a brilliant chief. Whether in council or campaign, he was the cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night, which his hosts followed with abiding faith, not blindly, as if dazzled by his genius, but understandingly, fairly won by his wisdom and justice.

A clear and pervading spirit of truth, supported by superior acquirements in matters of constitutional and statute law, coupled with his high rank in the military service, made him a peculiarly useful instrument in the restoration of public order and the re-establishment of civil government after the war of the Rebellion had closed. Wisdom, fidelity to principle, and unfaltering devotion to duty marked his administration in every sphere to which he was called. Thirty-eight years of unremitting professional toil, embracing the Florida, Mexican, and Civil wars, in the last of which he received a painful wound, suggested a period of comparative repose for this indefatigable public servant. In response to this necessity he was, in the

year 1869, sent to the Pacific coast in command of the Department of the Columbia, with his headquarters at Portland, Oregon. It was expected that his duties would be mainly administrative and wholly peaceful; but periods of peace, as has been often demonstrated, are full of danger for officers of the army of the United States. And so it proved in his case. While on a mission to the Indians of the Northwest he fell a victim to their treachery and cruelty. With millions who read in the morning papers the sad intelligence of his death all was peaceful and quiet. But few had even heard of the "Modocs" or of the "Lava Beds," and fewer still knew that for weeks this gallant soldier's life had been at stake in the cause of justice between the white man and the savage.

The Modoc Indians are an offshoot of the Klamaths. They occupied a region near the line between Oregon and California known as the "Lost River Basin." The old government road to Oregon and

California passed through their country, and difficulties sprang up between the Modocs and the emigrants as soon as it began to be travelled. Many of the former were killed and cruel butcheries of the latter occurred. The most revolting was the massacre of seventy-five white persons in 1852. The scene of this horrible tragedy, on the margin of Tule Lake, has ever since been known as "Bloody Point." Outrages by the Modocs reached such a pass that a company of volunteers was organized in 1852 "for the protection of emigrants," and took the field against the offenders. But failing to bring them to battle, a "peace talk" was proposed by the whites, and, after some demur, accepted by the Indians. Forty-six warriors responded and entrusted themselves to the good faith of the white men. The council was a prearranged slaughter-pen. All save five of the forty-six confiding Modocs were suddenly and brutally slain. This act of treachery dwelt in the memory of the

Modoc people. Its sting was sharpened by the fact that the dastardly act was received with marked expressions of approval, and on his return to the settlements the leader in the outrage was welcomed with demonstrations, bonfires, and banquets, and subsequently obtained the appointment of Indian Agent. The heathen treasured up the example these Christians set him. Outrages occurred from time to time, and hostilities more or less extensive continued until 1864, when a treaty was made with the Klamaths, Yakooskin Snakes, and Modocs, by which they were, for a specified consideration, to give up the country they claimed, and confine themselves to a designated area in Oregon, known as the Klamath Reservation. In compliance with the agreement the Modocs took up their abode on the reservation, and went to work with zeal to build cabins and enclose ground for cultivation. But in consequence, mainly, of annoyance from their enemies, the Klamaths, who largely outnumbered them, they left in a

few months and returned to their old homes. The treaty, though approved by the Senate in 1866, was not finally ratified until the 10th of December, 1869, and then with amendments. In the meantime the Indians had grown suspicious, and when the amended treaty was made known to them some of the Modocs denied that it conformed to the agreement, but yielded at the time a reluctant assent to its provisions. That part of the Modoc band which had followed Captain Jack was still absent from the reservation, but, on promises of assistance and assurances that they would be protected from the Klamaths, they returned to it in 1869, and again earnestly entered upon arrangements for making homes and carrying out their part of the contract. But the Klamaths resumed their insults and annoyances, taunted the Modocs with being strangers, orphans, poor men, etc., and claimed tribute for the timber, fish, grass, and water. The Modocs appealed to the Indian Agent in charge for the protection

which had been pledged, but, instead of affording it, the Agent removed the band to another locality, leaving them to pocket the insults and bear as they best could the loss of the work already done. The Klamaths were emboldened by this action, and the Modocs were no sooner established and fairly at work on new ground than exactions from their powerful oppressors, taunts, and interferences were renewed in aggravated form, and an appeal for justice was again submitted. Instead of a rebuke to the offenders, another move of the injured party was ordered. The leader sought carefully for a suitable resting-place for his followers. Not finding it on the reservation, they fled to their old homes. But their title had been surrendered, and during their absence the white settlers in that region had increased; there was not room for both races, and complaints arose.

In 1871 the Superintendent of Indian Affairs sent Commissioners to confer with the Modocs and try and induce them to

return to the reservation; but they steadfastly refused, and secured authority from the Commissioners to remain where they were until the Superintendent could see them. This was understood by the Indians as a settlement of the question until some permanent arrangement could be made. They claimed that they should be established on a small reservation on Lost River, separate and distinct from the Klamaths. Knowing they had lost their title in common to their lands, the principal men among them took into serious consideration the question of dissolving their tribal relations and taking up lands in severalty as other claimants did. They were in constant communication with the whites, and consulted attorneys in reference to establishing land claims. But they were likely to be troublesome neighbors, and the whites urged their removal, and brought forward arguments and pretexts to secure that end. Indeed, in the latter part of the month of June, 1871, the Indian Agent requested

the commander of Fort Klamath to have Captain Jack, the chief, arrested for murder. He had killed an Indian doctor—a medicine man—by shooting him through the head when asleep, for failing to cure his little child of some illness. It was not deemed best to bring on hostilities with the tribe by immediately arresting him, so measures were taken to capture him at Yreka, California, whither he generally repaired on the Fourth of July and other gala days to have a good time. A detachment of cavalry was sent to Yreka for the purpose; but the wily Jack, knowing his liability to arrest and having got scent of his danger, kept away on this occasion, and so the attempt to secure him proved abortive.

No serious offences of recent date appear to have been committed by the other members of the tribe, but there were misdemeanors and threats to complain of, and these were presented with much feeling and formality. In January, 1872, an affidavit was sent to the military antho-

rities, setting forth that Modoc Indians came to a settler's house, knocked down fences around a haystack and turned their ponies in, and also took hay to their wigwams, and that they stole household utensils and threatened the lives of white men. A large number of the settlers in the Modoc country joined in a petition to have these Indians forced to the reservation by the United States troops. The Superintendent of Indian Affairs for Oregon united with the settlers, and in this shape the subject went before General Canby, the department commander. After alluding to the facts in the case that eminent soldier responded:

"In the summer of last year, and in consequence of complaints against these Indians, the Superintendent sent commissioners to confer with them, who authorized the Modocs to remain where they were until the Superintendent could see them. This has been understood as a settlement of the question until some permanent arrangement could be made for them,

and, unless they have violated some subsequent agreement, I do not think that the immediate application of force, as asked for, would be either expedient or just. They should, at least, be notified that a new location has been selected for them and provision made for their wants. They should also be allowed reasonable and definite time to remove their families, and fully warned that their refusal or failure to remove to the reservation within the appointed time would be followed by such measures as may be necessary to compel them. I am not surprised at the unwillingness of the Modocs to return to any point of the reservation where they would be exposed to the hostilities and annoyances they have heretofore experienced (and without adequate protection) from the Klamaths; but they have expressed a desire to be established on Lost River, where they would be free from this trouble, and the Superintendent informed me last summer that he would endeavor to secure such a location for them. In no

other respect are the Modocs entitled to much consideration, and although many of the complaints against them have been found to be greatly exaggerated, they are, without being absolutely hostile, sufficiently troublesome to keep up a constant feeling of apprehension among the settlers."

Unfortunately the wise and just views expressed by General Canby were not acceptable to the complainants nor to the Indian Agent, and he who thus earnestly urged justice to the savage became the most conspicuous victim of his blind ferocity.

The Agent, responding to the wishes of the whites, urged upon the Commissioner of Indian Affairs in Washington that these Indians be forced back to the hateful Klamath Reservation, and the Commissioner responded: "You are directed to remove the Modoc Indians to Camp Yainax, on Klamath Reservation, peaceably if you possibly can, but forcibly if you must." And, notwithstanding General Canby's views, the Agent, in the latter part of November, 1872, made a peremptory demand

on the Modocs to return to the detested spot. They defiantly refused, whereupon the Agent wrote to the commander of Fort Klamath, the nearest military post, setting forth the facts and saying: "To carry out instructions from the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, I have to request that you at once furnish a sufficient force to compel said Indians to go to Camp Yainax on said reservation. I transfer the whole matter to your department, without presuming to dictate the course you shall pursue in executing the order aforesaid, hoping that you may accomplish the object desired without shedding blood, if possible to avoid it. If it shall become necessary to use force, then I have to request that you arrest Captain Jack, Black Jim, and Scarfaced Charley, and hold them subject to my orders."

This was the immediate cause of the Modoc War. The officer to whom the appeal for force was made ordered as follows on the 28th of November, 1872:

"In compliance with the request of the

Superintendent of Indian Affairs for Oregon, dated Link River, November 27, 1872, Captain James Jackson, First Cavalry, with all the available men of his troop, will proceed at once, *via* Link River, to Captain Jack's camp of Modoc Indians, endeavoring to get there before to-morrow morning; and if any opposition is offered on the part of the Modoc Indians to the requirements of the Superintendent, he will arrest, if possible, Captain Jack, Black Jim, and Scar-faced Charley. He will endeavor to accomplish all of this without bloodshed, if possible; but if the Indians persist in refusing to obey the orders of the Government, he will use such force as may be necessary to compel them to do so; and the responsibility must rest on the Indians who defy the authority of the Government."

The demand for troops was made by the Agent, and filled by the commander at Fort Klamath, without General Canby's knowledge. Captain Jack's band was at this time estimated to contain from sixty

to eighty warriors, but the smaller figure exceeded the actual number. Captain Jack, Schonchin John, Scar-faced Charley, and eleven or twelve others, with their families, were encamped on the west, while Curly-headed Doctor, Hooker Jim, and nine other warriors, with their families, occupied the east bank of Lost River, a deep stream three hundred feet wide. These Indians passed freely to and fro through the settlements, hunted in the mountains, and traded in the neighboring towns. They were well known to the community. Some of them spoke the English language, and the most noted went by the names, or nicknames, given to them by the whites. They were "troublesome," as the lower orders in other sections are, but not at war, and had no knowledge or intimation of the hostile enterprise which was about to destroy them.

Captain Jackson's troop of the First United States Cavalry made the march required of it on the cold and rainy night of the 28th of November, 1872, and, using

that officer's words, "*jumped* the camp of Captain Jack's Modoc Indians soon after daylight" on the morning of the 29th. Forming line, "they moved down on the camp at a trot, completely surprising the Indians, and causing great commotion among them." The Captain demanded that they surrender and disarm. A brief parley was held. A conflict ensued. It is said the Indians fired the first shot; but that is doubtful, and the matter is not important, considering the attitude assumed by the whites. The struggle had begun. Captain Jackson said of it: "I immediately poured volley after volley among the hostile Indians, took their camp, killed eight or nine warriors, and drove the rest into the hills (only the squaws remained, bewailing their dead and wounded braves). During the engagement I lost one man killed and seven wounded, three of the last severely, and perhaps dangerously. My force was too weak to pursue and capture the Indians that made off, owing to the necessity of taking care of my

wounded and protecting the few citizens who had collected at Crawley's Ranch. The Indians were all around us, and, apprehensive of a rear attack, I destroyed Captain Jack's camp and crossed to the other side of the river by the ford, a march of fifteen miles, taking post at Crawley's Ranch, where I now am. I need reinforcements and orders as to future course."

As Captain Jackson, during the night of the 28th, advanced upon the encampment on the west, a party of citizens, by what authority or instigation is not known, surrounded and attacked the encampment on the east bank of Lost River, and made a demand for its surrender. This resulted in an engagement between the Indians of that encampment and the citizens. The latter were repulsed and sought "the refuge of Crawley's Ranch," as the troops had done. Thus ended the first move towards forcing the Modocs back to the Klamath Reservation. The result was not encouraging. The conflict which the saga-

cious Canby had labored so earnestly to prevent was fully inaugurated, not only between the Indians and the troops, but also between them and the citizens among whom they had been living. The Indians fled to the "Lava Beds," the safest refuge in the land. "The location is the most inaccessible the country affords, and one man fairly secreted in it is more than equal to twenty engaged in trying to ferret him out." It is to the south of Tule Lake (one of three lakes, Lower Klamath, Tule, and Clear Lake, which are eight miles apart). Crevices and gorges of the Lava Beds, communicating with the lake, afforded the Modocs an abundant supply of water. The Lost River, on the banks of which stood their old homes, empties into the head of Tule Lake, and they knew every foot of the country. Their refuge was far too extensive for investment by the force available, and they could steal out for food and plunder and return through the secret passages.

Language fails to convey a correct con-

ception of this remarkable formation. It is about four miles wide by seven long, and presents the appearance on first view of an immense sage-bush plain, with no obstructions to easy movement in every direction. A closer examination, however, develops the fact that this plain is broken at irregular intervals by sections of low, rocky ridges. The ridges are not isolated, but occur in groups, and form perfect networks of obstructions, admirably adapted to defence by an active enemy; they seldom rise to a height of more than twenty feet above the general level of the bed, and are, as a rule, split open at the top, giving continuous cover along the crests. Transversal crevices furnished excellent communications, through which the Indians passed from one ridge to the other without the least exposure. Only a few of these cross-passages and insecure positions, sufficient to satisfy the requirements of free communication, were left open by the savages in that series of ridges which made up "Jack's Strong-

hold." The rest were in all cases blockaded by rolling in heavy rocks. The formation, as described, does not cover the entire area of the Lava Beds. It occurs in patches of greater or less extent. Separating these patches are comparatively even sage-bush plains, which do not afford good defensive positions. These plains, however, are difficult to move over, by reason of the number of rocks covering them, as well as the continual recurrence of deep, rocky depressions or ravines, which cannot be detected generally until their borders are reached. As can readily be imagined, the movement of troops across these portions, when in the vicinity of the ridges, requires the utmost caution, for with no good cover they are liable to be surprised by the fire of a perfectly concealed enemy, and if cover be sought in the depressions, in the end the place of refuge will prove to be a slaughter-pen for those in it.

The greater portion of the defensive line was one of those cracks or crevices re-

ferred to, and where this natural rifle-pit terminated the line was continued by building stone walls four or five feet in height. In this way, by a combination of natural and artificial works, the Indian position was fortified on all sides. "Jack's Cave," a place of which the most exaggerated accounts were written, is the least important feature of the position: a vertical pit of about twelve or fifteen feet in diameter, spreading out at its base in one direction, so as to leave that portion arched. Being in it, security from distant fire was obtained, but no defence could be made from it.

But to resume. Success was with the Indians. The aspect of affairs was serious. Reinforcements, *ammunition*, and other supplies were ordered up, and the commanding officer of the District of the Lakes, embracing the several posts within the theatre of war, took the field in person. The Indians, in this instance as in so many others, were underrated. On the 26th of December the district commander

reported: "If the ammunition on hand had been sufficient and warranted me in doing so, I would have ordered the attack on about the 27th of December; but the howitzers and ammunition for small arms will reach us at about the same time, and we will be prepared to *make short work of this impudent and enterprising savage.* I feel confident the guns will astonish and terrify them, and perhaps save much close skirmishing and loss of life. I do not think the citizens are in danger, and, *unless the Modocs crawl off south through the Lava Beds on our approach, we hope to make short work of them very soon* after our ammunition comes up."

He reported on the 15th of January, 1873: "I am happy to announce that after all our annoying delays *we are now in better condition than I ever saw troops for a movement against hostile Indians.* Within thirty-six hours after Lieutenant Miller, First Cavalry, reached me with the howitzers, a well-selected and very efficient gun detachment ware handling them

to the infinite delight of the volunteers. They would not have remained a day longer than January 6 had not they been certain that the guns were coming. We leave for Captain Jack's 'Gibraltar' to-morrow morning, and a more enthusiastic, jolly set of regulars and volunteers I never had the pleasure to command. *If the Modocs will only try to make good their boast to whip a thousand soldiers, all will be satisfied.* Our scouts and friendly Indians insist that the Modocs will fight us desperately, but *I don't understand how they can think of attempting any serious resistance*, though, of course, we are prepared for their fight or flight."

How much the commander had underestimated the enemy may be inferred from his report of January 19, in which he says:

"We attacked the Modocs on the 17th with about four hundred good men, two hundred and twenty-five of them regulars. We fought the Indians through the 'Lava

Beds' to their stronghold, which is in the centre of miles of rocky fissures, caves, crevices, gorges, and ravines, some of them one hundred feet deep. In the opinion of any experienced officer of regulars or volunteers, one thousand men would be required to dislodge them from their almost impregnable position with a free use of mortar batteries. No troops could have fought better than all did, advancing cheerfully against an unseen enemy over the roughest rock-country imaginable. *The troops have withdrawn to their camps.* The volunteers will probably go out of service very soon. We will use our force to cut off raiding Modocs, and operate against them in every way possible until *reinforcements arrive.* Our loss in killed and wounded is about forty. *I have never before encountered an enemy, civilized or savage, occupying a position of such great natural strength as the Modoc stronghold, nor have I ever seen troops engage a better armed or more skilful foe.*"

Thus failed the second effort to force the Modocs back to the Klamath Reservation.

While additional forces were taking the field, the authorities in Washington considered the state of affairs, and at the most unsuitable period of the struggle resolved to turn the management over to Peace Commissioners. On the 29th of January the Secretary of the Interior addressed a letter to his subordinate, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, in which he said: "Referring to the difficulties that have arisen, and still continue to exist between the troops of the United States and the Modoc Indians in Oregon, I have to inform you that I have determined to send a Commission to the scene of the difficulty for the purpose of examining into the same. This Commission will consist of three members whose names will hereafter be furnished to you. It will be required to proceed to the Modoc country as rapidly as possible, and, before entering upon the active discharge of its

duties, will confer with General Canby, of the United States Army, and in all subsequent proceedings of the Commission it should confer freely with that officer, and act under his advice as far as it may be possible to do so, and always with his co-operation. The objects to be obtained by this Commission are these: First, to ascertain the causes which have led to the difficulties and hostilities between the troops and the Modocs; and, secondly, to devise the most effective and judicious measures for preventing the continuance of these hostilities, and for the restoration of peace." The letter also set forth the advisability of removing the Modoc Indians, "with their consent," to some *new* reservation, and the "desire of the Department in this as well as in all other cases of like character to conduct its communications with the Indians in such manner as to secure peace and obtain their confidence, if possible, and their voluntary consent to a compliance with such regulations as may be deemed ne-

cessary for their present and future welfare."

It is fair to infer from this artful letter that the Department of the Interior deprecated hostilities, that it sought to mediate between the troops and the Indians, and that it was not responsible for the existing conflict, and was even ignorant of the cause of it. Justice to the Army, and especially to General Canby, calls for the truth on these points.

These hostilities were due to the failure of the Indian Department to provide properly for the Modocs under the treaty, and to protect them from the Klamaths when they were on the reservation. They were precipitated by the instructions of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs "to remove the Modoc Indians to Camp Yainax, on Klamath Reservation, peaceably if you possibly can, but forcibly if you must." This terse and positive order was made after General Canby had reported that the Modocs ought not to be forced back to the *Klamath* Reservation,

but that they should be notified of a *new* reservation, and be allowed a reasonable "and definite time to remove their families," and that the immediate application of force would be neither expedient nor just. The war order of the Commissioner did not contemplate for the Modocs the "new" reservation, the removal with "their consent," the conducting of communications with them "*in such manner as to secure peace and gain their confidence*" which the foregoing letter, written by the Secretary of the Interior long after the Indian Bureau had created the war, sets forth so prominently.

General Canby was above crimination or recrimination. Instead of complaining of the departure from his views which brought on hostilities, he excused it as well as he could, and undertook to treat wisely and effectually the evils which others had brought about. In his judgment vigor was now as necessary to end the difficulties as moderation had been to prevent them. On the 30th of January he

telegraphed the General of the Army: "I have been very solicitous that these Indians should be fairly treated, and have repeatedly used military force lest they might be wronged, until their claims or pretensions were decided by proper authority. That having been done, I think they should now be treated as any other criminals, and *that there will be no peace in that part of the frontier until they are subdued and punished.*"

But he was thwarted in prosecuting, as he had been in preventing, the war. On the 30th and 31st of January the General of the Army telegraphed Canby: "The President seems disposed to allow the peace men to try their hands on Captain Jack. Let all defensive measures proceed. It is the desire of the President that you use the troops to protect the inhabitants as against the Modoc Indians, but, if possible, to avoid war"; and on the 3d of February the instructions to "keep the troops on the defensive" were repeated.

That he might confer with the Peace

Commissioners, as required by instructions, and at the same time give personal attention to the delicate operation of so using the troops as to preserve the defensive, protect the inhabitants, and avoid war, General Canby joined his forces in person at the "Lava Beds," on the 16th of February. The Commission—Mr. A. B. Meacham at the head of it—arrived soon after, and opened communication with the enemy. By the 24th of March it seems that the confidence reposed in the Commission by the Department of the Interior had been transferred entirely to General Canby. On that date the General of the Army telegraphed him as follows: "Secretary Delano is in possession of all your despatches up to March 16; and he advises the Secretary of War that he is so impressed with your wisdom and desire to fulfil the peaceful policy of the Government that he authorizes you to remove from the present Commission any members you think unfit, to appoint others to their places, and to report through us to

m such changes. This actually devolves
you the entire management of the Mo-
oc question, and the Secretary of War
structs me to give you his sanction and
pproval."

The Commission, however, during the
ntire period of its presence on the field,
ad been conducting negotiations, and
eneral Canby did not find it best to
xercise additional power over it under
he foregoing authorization. The appoint-
ent of a Commission by the highest
ower in the land to sue for peace at
his stage of affairs had of itself an un-
avorable effect upon the Indians in their
ttitude towards the Government. This
as probably somewhat increased by the
nxiety for peace which the Commission,
nder the spur of the Interior Depart-
ent, exhibited to the savages at the be-
ginning of negotiations. The first message
o the Indians was: "We come in good
aith to make peace. Our hearts are all
or peace; no act of war will be allowed
while peace-talks are being had; no move-

ments of troops will be made." The Indians began to think, and with good reason, we were afraid of them. They answered to the message that they wanted peace, but were unwilling to come out of the Lava Beds. Judge Steele, of Yreka, California, in whom they reposed great confidence, made two visits to their strongholds to try and induce them to come out for a council. They evaded, prevaricated, resisted; and he escaped with his life only through the friendship of Captain Jack, Scar-faced Charley, and two others, who stood guard over him throughout the last night he spent in their camp. On his return he warned the Commission of the danger, and expressed the opinion that no meeting could be had, no peace could be made. "My advice," he says, "to General Canby and the Peace Commissioners, on my return from the cave the last time, was that all negotiations should cease until the Indians should become the soliciting party. I told them, further, that my opinion was

that they thought our people afraid of them, and that they were carrying on the negotiations with a hope to get Gen. Canby and Col. Gillem, Messrs. Meacham and Applegate, in their power, and in such an event they would certainly kill them all."

While the Commission was deliberating upon its further proceedings a delegation from the Modocs, headed by Mary, Captain Jack's sister, appeared, and announced that if wagons were sent to bring them in the whole band would surrender on terms which had been mentioned to them. The proposition was accepted and a day named, but before the time came another delegation arrived, made apologies for failure, and sought delay. Another day was fixed, with the assurance from General Canby that, in case of further failure, measures would be taken to compel compliance. Again the Indians failed, but this time made no apology.

In the meantime it did not escape the Indian vigilance that General Canby (acting under his instructions to protect the in-

habitants) was drawing his military cordon more tightly around them, and that one of the subordinate commanders had captured and taken away a herd of their ponies; this notwithstanding the fact that in the first communication from the Commissioners they were assured that no act of war would be allowed while peace-talks were being had, and that no movements of troops would be made.

General Canby reported on the 17th of March: "Troops are being removed into positions which will make it difficult for them [the Indians] to secure egress for raiding purposes. I hope by this not only to secure the settlers but to impress the Indians with the folly of resistance." On the 24th of March he reported in the same connection: "The troops are now moving into their positions"; and on the 28th of the same month he added: "I think when the avenues of escape are closed, and their supplies cut off or abridged, they will come in."

These movements, as well as the evi-

dences and apprehensions of treachery, were reported to the Secretary of the Interior in Washington. On the 5th of March he telegraphed the Commission: "I do not believe the Modocs mean treachery. The mission should not be a failure. I think I understand their unwillingness to confide in you. Continue negotiations."

Efforts were continued, and on the 2d of April a meeting with the Indians was effected, but nothing was agreed upon except that a council-tent should be erected about three-quarters of a mile from the headquarters of the troops on the trail leading to the fastnesses of the Indians.

Among the attachés of the Commission was Frank Riddle, an interpreter, a man of much intelligence and courage. He had lived for many years in the Modoc country, and was well versed in the language and habits of the tribe. While residing amongst them he had married a full-blooded Modoc, of more than ordinary personal attractions and intelligence.

She loved her white husband, and, Indian to the core, knew no law but his will and wish. She wandered with him through scenes of danger and of hardship, and his welfare and comfort were ever foremost in her thoughts. Holding the confidence of the whites, and, strange to say, trusted also by the Modocs, Tobe, as she was called, passed as an envoy from one camp to the other, and had full opportunity of observing the disposition of the occupants of the Lava Beds. The taciturn savages, however, were careful not to give by word or sign in her presence the least intimation of their intentions. But with the shrewdness of her sex and wild race, sharpened by her perilous position, she scented danger in the quiet air, and took in through her quickened senses the unwhispered plots of her tribe. Though she could reveal no proofs to sustain the belief, she insisted that there was treachery in the air around the Lava Beds. A confidant as it appeared in her evidence on the trial, hereinafter mentioned, had

dropped a word of warning in her ear, and she was watchful; she could not be deceived; but, unfortunately, she was unable to convince her more intelligent listeners. Her fidelity and rare acuteness had served her husband in many a dangerous adventure, and he had learned to believe her without requiring reasons. He adopted her conclusions, and joined in her entreaties to the Commissioners and commander not to place confidence in the pledges and promises of the Modocs, but to be prepared at all points to resist premeditated treachery. "I know she is right," said Riddle; "I have been married to her for twelve years, and she has never in all that time deceived or told me a lie."

But the warnings went unheeded. Negotiations and the peace policy must be pursued, and were pursued to the bitter end. The Secretary of the Interior had announced from his high place in Washington that the negotiations must proceed, he did "not believe the Modocs

meant treachery." His subordinates at the foot of the Lava Beds and in the very sight of the Indians accepted the dictum and stumbled on half-blindly to their fate. It was not in Tobe's power to overcome the weight of authority.

The Commission as organized at this time consisted of A. B. Meacham, Rev. Dr. Thomas, and L. S. Dyar, Indian Agent. The negotiations for a council meeting having failed so far, General Canby again tightened the cordon of troops and moved his headquarters to the foot of the bluffs, about two miles from the Modoc stronghold.

On the 4th of April, at the request of Captain Jack, Mr. Meacham had a meeting with him at the council-tent. The Modoc chief was accompanied by six warriors and the women of his own family; Mr. Meacham by Judge Roseborough and J. A. Fairchilds, and Riddle and his wife, Tobe, as interpreters. The savage's bearing was haughty and offensive, his language positive and declamatory. He

would not listen patiently, declaring he could never live in peace with the Klamaths, but wanted a home, "just the same as a white man, on Lost River." On being told that he could not have a home there he said: "I give up home; give me this lava bed. No white man will ever want it." He then went on to say that "the law was all on one side, was made by the white man for white men, leaving the Indian all out," and finally announced he could not control his people, and would die with them if peace was not made. The meeting broke up unsatisfactorily. It strengthened Tobe's conviction that danger was impending. On the 5th of April she was sent into the Modoc camp with a proposition to Captain Jack to surrender on favorable terms, with such others as might wish to do so. He declined the offer. She returned, more settled than ever in the belief that mischief was hatching, and again she warned the Commissioners and General Canby; but, alas! she had not the power of language to

convince them. Every effort at negotiation now seemed exhausted on our part, and General Canby was on the eve of resorting to sterner measures when, on the 8th of April, a messenger visited the Commission, asking for a "peace-talk," saying that six unarmed Modocs were at the council-tent in the Lava Beds, anxious to make peace and requesting the Commission to meet them. The signal officer at the station overlooking the Lava Beds reported the "six Indians, and also in the rocks behind them *twenty other Indians, all armed.*" Treachery was evident, and no meeting was had. Further councils appeared useless and unsafe. But on the morning of the 10th of April a delegation from the Modoc camp, consisting of Boston Charley and Bogus Charley, arrived, with a request for a meeting. The proposition was that the Commission, including General Canby and Colonel Gillem (the latter in immediate command of the troops), should come next day to the council-tent, *unarmed*, to meet a *like num-*

*ber* of *unarmed* Modocs. The Modocs would then all come to headquarters and surrender on the day following. The wily envoys, Boston and Bogus, were well chosen. Under the cover of good intentions and fair promises they concealed their villanous designs. The long examination and cross-examination to which they were subjected failed to develop a trace of the treachery they were practising. But though nothing could be detected, an undefined dread had arisen among some of the Commissioners. Notwithstanding she was too rude of speech to convince, the earnestness of Tobe's manner had produced an impression; but its effect was defeated by the cunning and assumed sincerity of the Indian envoys, and by the desire known to exist in the Interior Department for a settlement by negotiation. Boston and Bogus Charley accepted the white man's hospitality, and remained that night in camp, breakfasting the next morning with Dr. Thomas. Dr. Thomas had done

many favors to Boston Charley, and he had been treated like a brother in the church. How the kindness extended to him was rewarded the sequel will show.

The fatal morning of Friday, April 11, had arrived. A consultation was again held as to keeping the appointment. Dr. Thomas said it was a *duty* that *must* be performed. General Canby remarked that the importance of the object in view justified taking some risk, and added that a strict watch had been kept from the signal station and only *five* Indians, unarmed, were at the council-tent; that the watch would be continued, and in the event of an attack the troops would come to the rescue. Commissioners Meacham and Dyar, more fully impressed with the peril involved, protested against the meeting, and finally proposed that a force sufficient for protection should be taken. But both General Canby and Dr. Thomas objected, saying it would be a breach of faith, and both of these courageous and conscientious men refused to agree that during the

meeting *any promise which could not be kept* should be made the Indians, even if necessary to avert danger. Riddle and his faithful wife now appeared and made an earnest appeal against the meeting, and, finding they could not prevent it, claimed that they should be relieved of all responsibility for the consequences. Yet, with full consciousness of the danger, this man and wife went bravely forward to share the fate from which they could not rescue their companions. All started for the ill-starred rendezvous: General Canby (carrying a box of cigars) and Dr. Thomas in advance on foot, accompanied by Boston Charley, followed by Meacham, Dyar, and Tobe on horseback, and Riddle on foot (Colonel Gillem was sick and unable to go).

On arriving at the council-tent six *armed* Indian leaders were met: Captain Jack, Schonchin, Shacknasty Jim, Ellen's Man, Hooker Jim, and Black Jim. Their pistols, though but poorly concealed under their loose and scanty garments, could

not be seen by the observer at the signal station. Boston and Bogus Charley, who had stayed all night with the troops, silently joined their comrades, and now the Commissioners, unarmed and helpless, found themselves confronted by eight armed savages. Treachery was too evident to be doubted. The white men were entrapped and at the mercy of those who know no mercy. To have evinced a knowledge of the intended treachery would but have precipitated the assassination. Every man seemed to realize instinctively that an unsuspicious and undaunted mien afforded the only hope of escape. Calmly and courageously the Commissioners and the General advanced towards the Indians. On meeting, all sat down about a little fire of sage-brush, the white men on one side and the savages on the other.

General Canby was on the right, nearest the tent, seated on a stone; on his left, Mr. Meacham; still to his left, and a little in the rear, Dr. Thomas; and close to Dr. Thomas, and slightly in front, Tobe, lying

down between Meacham and Thomas. Opposite to and facing General Canby was Schonchin; on his right, Captain Jack; and, still to his right, Bogus Charley and Boston Charley; Commissioner Dyar had taken a position in front and a little to the right of General Canby, and to the left and rear of Schonchin; he sat on the ground holding his horse; Ellen's Man, Hooker Jim, and Shacknasty Jim were seated at another small fire to the right and rear. Boston Charley and Black Jim walked about during the entire interview. The interpreter, Riddle, stood near his wife.

Soon after the council opened an incident occurred which was pregnant with meaning. Hooker Jim walked up to Dyar's horse, took an overcoat from the saddle, and put it on, saying: "I am Meacham now." The Commissioners knew it was an insult and designed to produce a disturbance. Mr. Meacham, however, instead of resenting, said very quietly: "Take my hat, too." The

Indian replied in his native tongue: "I will very soon." The storm was coming. These were but its mutterings. The actors in the lamentable affair were all in their places. The tragedy went on quickly to its murderous ending.

General Canby, now fully aware of the peril, arose, and with marked politeness handed cigars to the Indians and whites, and all, save Dr. Thomas, began to smoke. The General then said: "The President sent the soldiers here to see that everything is done right; they are your friends and will not harm you. I have had much experience with Indians. When a young man I was sent to remove a tribe from Florida to a new home west of the Mississippi River, and although they did not like me well at first, they did after they became acquainted, and they elected me a chief and gave me a name which meant 'the Indian's friend.' I was sent to remove another tribe to a new home, and they called me the 'Tall Man.' I visited both these tribes years afterwards, and

they received me in a friendly way. I have no doubt that some time you Modoc people will receive me as kindly."

The Indians treated these remarks with contempt, and laughed as they were delivered.

Dr. Thomas then, on his knees, said: "I believe the Great Spirit put it in the heart of the President to send us here to make peace. I have known General Canby fourteen years, Mr. Meacham eighteen years, Mr. Dyar four years. I know all their hearts are good, and I know my own heart. We want no more war. The Great Spirit made all men. He made the red man and white man. He sees all our hearts and knows all we do. We are all brothers, and must live in peace together."

Captain Jack said but little. He was determined that he would not go to the reservation to be starved, saying: "Kill with bullet don't hurt much; starve to death hurt a heap."

The impatient and blood-thirsty Schonchin arose, and in a violent tone, and with

frequent repetitions, growing louder and louder, insisted that the soldiers should be taken away and that Hot Creek be given the Modocs for a home. While he was speaking, with no apparent purpose but to kill time and raise an excitement, two Modoc warriors, Barncho and Sloluck, suddenly appeared from behind a ridge of rocks some fifty yards away, each with three rifles in his arms. A signal had been given to these two Indians, as well as to those at the council, letting them know that a prearranged attack had been made on the troops posted on the farther side of the Lava Beds, and that the time for the massacre had arrived. Captain Jack arose quickly, slipped behind Dyar's horse for concealment while he drew and cocked his pistol. Sloluck and Barncho rushed on, followed by Steamboat Frank and Scar-faced Charley, both armed. All arose hastily, and General Canby demanded: "Captain Jack, what does this mean!" The Indian's answer was, "*A-ta Kantuxe*"—All ready—as he

sprang to within a few feet of the General and snapped a revolver in his face. In an instant the pistol was recocked, fired, and the fatal bullet entered beneath the left eye. The assault was the work of a moment. The victims were helpless. General Canby rushed forward for about forty yards, then received another bullet in his head from the rifle of Ellen's Man, and fell backward dead. His clothing and valuables were quickly taken by his assassin, and his naked body left upon the ground. At the command "*A-ta Kan-tuxe*" Boston Charley attacked Doctor Thomas, whose bread he had eaten and whose blessing he had received that morning. After falling from a gun-shot in the breast, the doctor arose to his knees, supported himself with his right hand, and, seeing the murderer over him, said in piteous tones: "Don't shoot again, Boston; I shall die anyway," but the fiend replied: "God damn ye! may be so you believe what squaw [Tobe] tell ye next time," and shot him through the brain.

These are the sickening atrocities of so-called times of peace.

Commissioner Dyar fled, pursued by Hooker Jim, but luckily went unscathed. Riddle also escaped unhurt. Schonchin attacked Mr. Meacham, and, assisted by Shacknasty Jim and Black Jim, pursued and shot him several times while running. At about fifty yards from the tent he fell, and the Indians left him for dead. Boston Charley, however, eager for a trophy, returned and made preparations to scalp him; but Tobe, who had by this time recovered from a blow given merely to stun her, with ready wit frustrated his fell purpose by running up and shouting with all her might, "The soldiers are coming," when the dastardly scalper fled in alarm. All of these events, so full of dire import, occupied but a few minutes. The attack had been seen from the signal station on the bluff west of the camp. The troops advanced at double-quick, but the desperate work was over. The savages, having glutted their vengeance, had fled to their

"stronghold" in the Lava Beds. The "peace men," as General Sherman called them, had "tried their hands on Captain Jack." Negotiation was brought to a violent and bloody end. All thought of making terms with the Indians was now abandoned. Their destruction was a foregone conclusion. General Jeff. C. Davis, an energetic officer of the regular army, then at Indianapolis, was ordered at once to the command of the Department of Columbia, and hastened to the Lava Beds. Orders authorizing the swift and summary punishment of the outlaws were promptly issued by the War Department. The country was aroused, and no proceedings seemed too severe or too speedy.

But the criminals yet lay defiant in their stronghold. On the 15th of April a determined attack was begun on their lines by Colonel Gillem's forces, the fight lasting three days. The troops on the east and west of the Lava Beds formed a junction on the lake front, thus cutting off the supply of water, so much

depended upon by the Indians. They were by this means compelled to abandon their position; but the troops were worn out and dispirited, and the pursuit was not vigorous. The savages found safer refuge in another gorge, and again stood at bay. The desperate siege was renewed, and again with disastrous result. On the 26th of April Captain Evan Thomas, of the Fourth United States Artillery, was ordered to make a reconnoissance of the enemy's position. His command consisted of five commissioned officers besides a doctor, sixty-five enlisted men, and fourteen Warm Spring Indians. The command left camp at seven A.M.; at noon it reached the designated point and halted for rest and refreshment. No Indians had been met, no resistance was expected, and, strange to say, a feeling of security prevailed among the officers of the expedition. Suddenly a few shots in close proximity announced the presence of the enemy. It was a surprise. The officers immediately sprang up and prepared for

action. The suddenness of the attack, however, and the well-directed fire of the Indians had somewhat demoralized the enlisted men, and many of them scattered and ran. The officers rallied the few brave spirits, mostly non-commissioned officers, who remained, and, gallantly facing the foe, they fought and died upon the spot.

All the commissioned officers of the artillery (Captain Thomas and Lieutenants Howe, Wright, Cranston, and Harris) were killed, the four former dying on the field and the latter while being carried from it. The doctor, Bernard G. Semig, received a wound in the shoulder early in the fight which paralyzed the right arm. He was soon afterwards wounded in the left leg (resulting in amputation) and left on the field. He lay there for forty hours, when he was found by a scouting party of our troops sent out to ascertain the fate of the command. The Indians, though near at hand, could not reach him over the gorges and chasms without exposing themselves to the view of the troops. The extraordi-

nary features of the Lava Beds, which had enabled the surprise and destruction of the troops, now, in turn, served to protect this mutilated remnant of the ill-fated party.

The Indian had again triumphed and wreaked a bloody vengeance upon the white man. But the end was not far off. General Davis reached the Lava Beds on the 2d of May, 1873. He found the troops much depressed; the loss of beloved comrades, the cheerless winter camps, and repeated failures against a foe so small in numbers had impaired their zeal and confidence. A few days were necessary to reorganize the command and cheer the drooping spirits of the men, and General Davis took the opportunity to send two friendly squaws of the Modoc tribe into the Lava Beds. They returned after two days, exhausted from fatigue, and reported that the Indians had gone away quite recently.

Vigorous pursuit was ordered. Too much exhausted to escape by flight, the

desperate and sagacious foe turned, surprised, and attacked the camp of the troops. But the struggle had now become more than ever unequal. They were easily repulsed, and retreated in the direction of the Lava Beds, hotly contesting every foot of the way with the pursuing troops, until the whole band was again lodged in the rocky fastnesses. The pursuit was active and close, while a body of troops advanced rapidly from the opposite direction. The Indians, thus threatened with attacks from two sides, were sandwiched but not surrounded. Their position was now desperate, and the indomitable chief resorted to desperate measures to keep his weary warriors up to their work. But insubordination and dissensions sprang up, and the band separated into two parties, bitter enemies, and both left the Lava Beds. One band, vigorously pursued by the troops, surrendered, coming into camp on the 22d of May and laying down their arms. They were accompanied by their old men, women, and

children, in all about one hundred and fifty. But Captain Jack and his principal followers were still at large. The cavalry force sought them in all directions. At last the betrayer was betrayed. One of the Modoc captives, who had been in the confidence of Captain Jack, offered to lead the troops to his hiding-place. After some hesitation the offer was accepted. Jack's camp was reached and the Modoc captive entered it. A stormy interview with the angry chief ensued. Jack denounced the deserters in severe terms for leaving him, and declared that he would die with his gun in his hand. On the 29th of May the troops were pushed rapidly forward after the desperate fugitive. They were now in excellent spirits. The Lava Beds were at last behind them, and the flying enemy was in a comparatively open country. The day of retribution was at hand. The pursuit was kept up with vigor, and Jack and the remnant of his band were discovered on Willow Creek, near its crossing with the old emigrant road. They scattered

and fled and were picked up in detail. Finally, on the 3d of June, Jack was captured with two or three other warriors. When surrounded and taken prisoner he merely said: "My legs have given out," and relapsed into the stoical indifference characteristic of his race.

Thus ended another act in this great drama. By the 5th of June the whole band, with a few unimportant exceptions, had been captured and conveyed to the camp at Tule Lake. The iron hand of justice was now extended to clutch the malefactors. The commander of the troops designed to execute some eight or ten of the leaders on the spot. Having made known, however, the fact of their capture to the authorities at Washington, he received orders to hold them under guard until further instructions were given as to the disposition to be made of them. The purpose to try them by a military commission gave rise to several questions which were quite fully weighed by the authorities as well as discussed in the papers of the day.

Peace men were earnest and active on the side of mercy to the criminals. The Attorney-General of the United States decided that a military commission might legally take cognizance of the case. Accordingly, that tribunal was constituted by General Davis's order, and directed to meet at Fort Klamath, Oregon, on the 1st of July, 1873, "for the trial of the Modoc chief known as Captain Jack, and such other Indian captives as may properly be brought before it."

This proceeding threw the mantle of formality around the condemnation of the doomed men and added to the solemnity of the occasion. Their guilt was undoubted, and their crime black and premeditated; but yet it was a sickening sight to see those six vanquished savages—Captain Jack, Schonchin, Black Jim, Boston Charley, Barncho, and Sloluck—arraigned for ceremonious trial before the cultivated, uniformed victors against whom they had waged such desperate and unequal war. Manacled, haggard, and forlorn, they filed

into the court-room and faced the five officers in whose hands their fate rested. With one exception, none of them understood the English language, and all had but a faint conception of the meaning of the ceremonies which they witnessed in the organization of the commission. They were asked through the interpreter if they objected to any of the members, and each distinctly answered, "*No.*" When asked if they desired to introduce counsel, they severally replied in the negative, adding that *they had been unable to procure any.* The trial proceeded. They were duly arraigned on the charges, 1st, "Murder, in violation of the laws of war"; and, 2d, "Assault with intent to kill, in violation of the laws of war." Riddle, Tobe, Dyar, and Meacham were the witnesses for the prosecution. They told the story of the assassination, without cross-examination by the accused. Tobe related the events with great accuracy. Her own remarkable behavior was mentioned with perfect simplicity. Slo-

luck hit her across the back with his gun and knocked her down. "Then," said she, "he was going to strike me again. He was talking to me, and trying to get the horse. Captain Jack and another Indian told him to let me alone: Black Jim, there, and Jack." Then, according to the evidence, from the midst of the terrible slaughter which she had foreseen but could not avert, with her murdered friends and fleeing husband in sight, and with the spiteful bullets whistling about her ears, this undaunted woman trudged deliberately back to camp, *leading her slow-paced horse.*

The trial now produced the rare spectacle of Indian state's evidence. Shacknasty Jim, Hooker Jim, Steamboat Frank, and Bogus Charley, all guilty, took the stand against their brethren and companions in crime, and testified to the conspiracy and the details of the tragedy. The oath administered to these witnesses (!), and the warning against the sin of lying and the crime of perjury given them

by the Judge-Advocate, appeared like solemn mockery. They testified to the conspiracy, confessed their respective parts in it, and stated that they had turned against Captain Jack, the leader.

The prisoners declined to question them.

The testimony for the defence was the most characteristic feature of this extraordinary trial. The witnesses were Indians—Scar-faced Charley, Dave, and One-eyed Mose. No effort was made to controvert what the prosecution had established. The only purpose of the accused seemed to be to implicate their enemies, the Klamaths. Captain Jack's examination of his witnesses was very simple, and was alike for all of them. Scar-faced Charley was the first one called. Cautioned against perjury under the white man's law, he took the white man's oath.

*Question by Captain Jack.*—"Tell about Link-River Jack coming and giving us powder and stuff."

*Answer.*—"The first time was down

here at Ellen's, at the east end of the Lava Beds. We were attacked there by the soldiers, and there were some Klamath Lake Indians along with the soldiers there, and they told us not to shoot at them, but to shoot at the soldiers—the Klamaths did. We killed one soldier down close to Louis Lands, at the east end of the Lava Beds. That was directly after the fight at Lost River. The Klamath Lake Indians told me that they did not expect to be friends to the soldiers all the time; that they would be our friends after a while. After that they came with the soldiers to our stronghold in the Lava Beds and fought us. In the fight there were ten of them came to us, and they gave us most of the ammunition we had. One in particular, Link-River Jack, gave us ammunition and guns. One-eye Link-River then gave his powder-horn full of powder to Indian George, a Modoc; he poured it all out and gave it all to him that was in his horn. The day before the fight of January 17, Little John told me

to fight hard the next day, and whip the soldiers and kill all we could. The way we got most of our ammunition after the fight of 17th of January was, we went round and picked up the cartridges, and the Klamath Lakes gave us some, and we opened the cartridges and got at the powder, and then made bullets of the lead that was in them. We had plenty of caps. The Klamath Lakes told us not to shoot them, that they were our friends; and I drew my pistol out and told them that they were the cause of the fight, that they had urged it on; and they said, No, that they were always our friends. We had a long talk. I told them then to leave all the ammunition that they had and could get; to pile it under a rock there where we were, and I could get it. I told them: 'You say you are our friends, and I want to see whether you are or not.' I went the next day, and found the ammunition there; there was a flour-sack half-full. I got one hundred rounds of ammunition myself that they

left there. I then asked the Klamaths if they were telling the truth, and they said they were; that Allen David had told them to tell me that they would not fight us; that when they went there they went to shoot up, to make the soldiers believe they were our enemies, but they were our friends. That is all I know."

Captain Jack said he had no other questions to ask this witness. The testimony of his other witnesses was the same substantially as the foregoing extract. Such was the pitiable effort made by these unaided and unlettered malefactors when on trial for their lives.

Captain Jack and Schonchin spoke in their own defence. Their remarks were in keeping with the testimony they introduced. Captain Jack said: "I hardly know how to talk here. I don't know how white people talk in such a place as this; but I will do the best I can. I will talk about Judge Roseborough first. He always told me to be a good man. Roseborough never gave me any advice but good

advice. He told me to be a good man and do the right thing by my fellow-men. I considered myself as a white man. I took passes from good white men who gave me good advice. I knew all the people that were living about the country, and they all knew that I was an honest man. You men here don't know what I have been heretofore. I never accused any white man of being mean and bad. No white man can say that I ever objected to their coming to live in my country. I would like to see the man who ever knew me to do anything wrong heretofore. Nobody ever called me mean except the Klamath Indians. I would like to see the man who started this fuss and caused me to be in the trouble I am in now.

"They scared me when they came to where I was living on Lost River and started this fight. I cannot understand why they were mad with me. I have always told the white man to come and settle in my country. I have never received anything from anybody only what I

bought and paid for, myself. Riddle knows that I have always lived like a man, and have never gone begging. He has always given me good advice and told me to live like a white man, and I have always tried to do it, and did do it until the war started. It scared me when Major Jackson came and got there just at daylight, and made me jump out of my bed without a shirt or anything else on. I did not know what it meant, his coming at that time of day. When Major Jackson and his men came up to my camp they surrounded it, and I hollered to Major Jackson for them not to shoot, that I would talk. I told Bogus Charley to go and talk until I could get my clothes on. He went and told them that he wanted to talk, that he didn't want them to shoot. Then they all got down off their horses, and I thought then we were going to have a talk, and I went into another tent. I thought then why were they mad at me? What had they found out about me, that they came here to fight me? I went into

my tent then, and I sat down, and they commenced shooting. My people were not all there. There were but a few of us there. Major Jackson shot my men while they were standing around. They shot some of my women, and they shot my men." He extended his remarks in the same strain, and accused Hooker Jim and others who had appeared against him.

The Judge-Advocate made a few remarks to bring out the fact that Major Jackson acted only in compliance with the orders he had received from his superior officer, made at the request of the Indian Department, to have the Modocs returned to the Klamath Reservation.

The Indians were conducted back to their prison, and the Commission, after deliberation for a brief period, found each and every one of the accused guilty of both charges, and sentenced them to be hanged by the neck until dead.

The proceedings were approved by General Davis and transmitted for the orders of the President of the United States, by

whom they were approved, and on the 23d of August the War Department order was made for the execution at Fort Klamath, Oregon, on Friday, October 3, 1873.

The scaffold was erected, and at the time and place designated the doomed savages were brought from their prison under a strong guard; their manacles were removed, but their arms were tightly pinioned with cords, and, placed in a wagon, they were hauled, in the centre of an ample guard, to the spot from which they were to take their departure for another world. Wretched and miserable in appearance, they trod the scaffold with apparent indifference, having evidently resolved to die as bravely as they had lived. Seated on the platform of the scaffold, with their feet on the drop, they listened to the reading of the sentence. An order commuting the sentences of Barncho and Sloluck to imprisonment for life was then read, and these two shackled malefactors were returned to their dungeons.

A prayer was offered by the chaplain,

the nooses placed about the necks of the culprits, and the black caps drawn over their heads. As the drop fell with a heavy "thud," a half-smothered cry of horror went up from the crowd of over five hundred Klamath Indians who witnessed the awful spectacle. Wails of bitter anguish also arose from the stockade, from which the wives and children of the poor creatures viewed the shocking scene. They were gone at last, and could no more be forced back to the hated Klamath Reservation.

The remaining members of the ill-fated band were soon sent to the Indian Territory, where a small area was allotted to them a few miles from Baxter Springs, Kansas. There they still remain. They have built log-houses, enclosed fields, and cultivate the soil in severalty. But disease and death have made sad havoc among them. More than one hundred and fifty arrived in 1873, but they now do not number a hundred. When asked of their welfare, they answer they are sick,

that many die, and, pointing to the graveyard, say sadly that too many lie there. They marry, the children attend school, and the band is industrious. They slowly adopt some of the ways of civilization. Captain Jack's widow has consoled herself with another husband, but, although marriage and remarriage goes on, they do not increase in numbers, the deaths exceeding the births.

As a tribe the Modocs have ceased to exist. Suffering from wrongs that entitled them to sympathy and assistance, they took the law into their own hands, and worked savage vengeance, not upon the men who had injured them, but on those who were striving to save and provide for them. In blind fury they treacherously entrapped and murdered their two best friends. For this hideous crime four of their principal men have paid in full on the scaffold, two are doomed to rot for life in Alcatraz prison, and the remainder, in banishment, are fast fading away by disease and despair.

# Valuable Military Books

PUBLISHED BY

# D. VAN NOSTRAND,

**23 Murray Street and 27 Warren Street,**

**NEW YORK.**

---

## *Fry's History of Brevet Rank.*

Crown 8vo. Extra Cloth. $3 50.

The History and Legal Effects of Brevets in the Armies of Great Britain and the United States, from the origin in 1692 until the present time. By Gen. James B. Fry, U. S. Army.

---

## *Rodenbough's Everglade to Cañon.*

Royal 8vo. Illustrated with Chromo-Lithographs. Extra Cloth. $6.

Everglade to Cañon, with the Second Dragoons (Second U. S. Cavalry), an authentic account of service in Florida, Mexico, Virginia, and the Indian Country, including Personal Recollections of Distinguished Officers. By Theo. F. Rodenbough, Colonel and Brevet Brigadier-General, U. S. Army.

---

## *Jomini's Grand Military Operations.*

2 vols. 8vo, and Atlas. Cloth, $15. Half Calf or Morocco, $21. Half mor., $22 50.

Theatre of Grand Military Operations. Illustrated by a Critical and Military History of the Wars of Frederick the Great. With a Summary of the Most Important Principles of the Art of War. By Baron de Jomini. Illustrated by Maps and Plans. Translated from the French by Col. S. B. Holabird, A.D.C., U. S. Army.

---

## *Stevens' Three Years in the Sixth Corps.*

New and Revised Edition. 8vo. Cloth. $2.

Three Years in the Sixth Corps. A concise narrative of events in the Army of the Potomac from 1861 to the Close of the Rebellion, April, 1865. By George T. Stevens, Surgeon of the 77th Regt. New York Volunteers. Illustrated with 17 Engravings and six Steel Portraits.

---

## *Boynton's History of West Point.*

Second Edition. 8vo. Fancy Cloth. $3 50.

History of West Point, and its Military Importance during the American Revolution; and the Origin and Progress of the United States Military Academy. By Bvt. Maj. Edward C. Boynton, A.M., Adjutant of the Military Academy. With 50 Maps and Engravings.

## *Wood's West Point Scrap-Book.*

8vo. Extra Cloth. $5.

THE WEST POINT SCRAP-BOOK. Being a Collection of Legends, Stories, Songs, etc. By Lieut. O. E. Wood, U.S.A. With 69 wood-cut Illustrations. Beautifully printed on tinted paper.

## *West Point Life.*

Oblong 8vo. Cloth. $2 50.

WEST POINT LIFE. A Poem read before the Dialectic Society of the United States Military Academy. Illustrated with twenty-two full-page Pen-and-Ink Sketches. By A Cadet. To which is added the song, "Benny Havens, Oh!"

## *Guide to West Point.*

18mo. Flexible Cloth. $1.

GUIDE TO WEST POINT AND THE U. S. MILITARY ACADEMY. With Maps and Engravings.

## *Henry's Military Record of Civilian Appointments, U.S.A.*

2 vols. 8vo. Cloth. $10.

MILITARY RECORD OF CIVILIAN APPOINTMENTS IN THE UNITED STATES ARMY. By Guy V. Henry, Brevet-Col. U. S. A.

## *Scott's Military Dictionary.*

8vo. Half Roan, $6. Half Russia, $8. Full Morocco, $10.

MILITARY DICTIONARY. Comprising Technical Definitions; Information on Raising and Keeping Troops; Law, Government, Regulation, and Administration relating to Land Forces. By Col. H. L. Scott, U. S. Army. 1 vol. Fully Illustrated.

## *Roemer's Cavalry.*

8vo. Cloth, $6. Half Calf, $7 50.

CAVALRY: ITS HISTORY, MANAGEMENT, AND USES IN WAR. By J. Roemer, LL.D., late an officer of Cavalry in the service of the Netherlands. Elegantly illustrated with one hundred and twenty-seven fine wood engravings. Beautifully printed on tinted paper.

## *Harrison's Pickett's Men.*

12mo. Cloth. $2.

PICKETT'S MEN. A Fragment of War History. By Col. Walter Harrison. With portrait of Gen. Pickett.

## *Todleben's Defence of Sebastopol.*

12mo. Cloth. $2.

TODLEBEN'S (GENERAL) HISTORY OF THE DEFENCE OF SEBASTOPOL. By William Howard Russell, LL.D., of the London Times.